RAJA ON AN ELEPHANT.

By permission of Mr. F. York, 87, Lancaster Road, Notting Hill London, W.

A PLEASURE TRIP

TO

INDIA,

DURING THE VISIT OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

AFTERWARDS TO CEYLON.

BY

M. E. CORBET.

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PREFACE.

Having been requested by numerous friends to publish an account of our Pleasure Trip to India and Ceylon, I have endeavoured to arrange my diary (written at odd moments in the hurry and fatigue of sight-seeing), and to make *extracts* from it.

Andrew and I are old travellers, and we feel sure that many useful hints may be taken from this book by those who wish to see

much of such interesting countries in a short space of time, thus spending a winter most agreeably.

M. E. C.

November 1879.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

A short Sketch of the Voyage to Bombay.—Sights 1

CHAPTER II.

Nassick.—Jubbulpore.—Benares.—Dinapore . 18

CHAPTER III.

Calcutta.—Arrival of the Prince of Wales.—Illuminations.—Garden Party at Sir Richard Temple's.—Dinner, and Ball at Government House.—Native Fête.—Investiture of the Star of India 36

CHAPTER IV.

PAGE

Return to Dinapore.—Great Durbar at Bankipore. —Procession of Elephants.—Agra.—Taj Mahal by Moonlight.—Moti Musjid.—Fort. —Palaces.—Jumna Musjid.—Journey to Delhi 66

CHAPTER V.

Delhi.—Arrival of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. —Grand Military Procession.—Jama Musjid. —Chandnee Chowk.—March-past of the Army.—Ball in the old Palace.—Kootub Minar. — Marriage Procession. — Work of English Church Mission 81

CHAPTER VI.

Meean Meer.—Lahore.—Umritzur.—Sirdhana.— Agra again 96

CHAPTER VII.

PAGE

Jeyporc. — Arrival of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. — Pig-sticking. — Illuminations. — Great Dinner at the Palace. — Durbar.— Nautches. — Luncheon at Ambair.—Moharum.—Palace at Jeypore.—Tigers.—Bhurtpore.—Deeg.—Futtehpore Sikri . . . 120

CHAPTER VIII.

Agra.—Nynee Tal. — Lucknow. — Cawnpore.— Benares.—Journey to Darjeeling.—Tea-Garden.—Valley of the Teestah.—Return to Calcutta 145

CHAPTER IX.

Calcutta. — Buddhist Religion. — Madras.—Neilgherries.— Trichinopoly. — Madura. — Great Pagodas.—Tuticorin 185

CHAPTER X.

PAGE

Ceylon. — Colombo. — People. — Vegetation. — Kandy. — Peredenia. — Newera Eliya. — Lovely Scenery.—Point de Galle.—Voyage to Marseilles.—Return home. . . . 211

A PLEASURE TRIP

TO

INDIA.

CHAPTER I.

A SHORT SKETCH OF THE VOYAGE TO BOMBAY. SIGHTS.

So many know the voyage to India that I need say but little of that part of our trip.

We left the Victoria Docks, London, November 3rd, 1875.

Crossing the Bay of Biscay we had a frantic toss for three days. Andrew was the only passenger who dined with the captain one day —the dinner consisting mostly of a sea-pie hung overhead, at which they made a dash when they could, holding their plates in their

hands. I was quite well, but thought discretion the better part of valour.

This storm over, we had a good passage.

At Port Said we found the small public garden gay with magnificent pointsettias, geraniums, &c. We spent some hours on shore while coal was taken on board.

It was with difficulty that our long steamer, the "Tartar," was steered through the Suez Canal. We passed in sight of Ismaila, looking like an emerald in the desert.

One morning early, from the Red Sea, we saw Mount Sinai—or the one close by it—in the distance.

Some American missionaries were on board with us. One of the children having been ill, I asked her another day how she was; the answer being satisfactory, "I guess I am well." Her brother made a touching compliment to a gentleman, saying, "You're the nastiest man on board, and my mama says so!" Pleasant for him!

Long before we passed Aden the weather was extremely hot; the phosphorous in the sea at night splendid—looking, from the bows, as if we were steaming through a sea of greenish gold; the stars most brilliant—the planets shining like small moons. The Southern Cross is a beautiful constellation—though the stars in the False Cross are larger. The flocks of flying fish, skimming along the water like coveys of tiny birds, delighted us.

The punkas in the saloon were an untold comfort, and we were even driven to sleep on deck some nights.

On board we had a pack of fox-hounds. I found great interest in seeing after them and the live-stock generally, often taking them water and food. They suffered much from the heat, poor things.

I was anxious to learn some Hindostanee, and Captain Paterson very kindly helped me greatly; he also told me a great deal about India.

Speaking of the great cruelty of the natives, he said, one day he thought that a bullock drawing a cart seemed to be in pain. He ordered the yoke to be removed and found a great raw; and still worse, the wretched native had absolutely driven a long wooden nail into the wound to keep the yoke in its place! So the harness was nailed on the poor beast, who nevertheless toiled on patiently at his work. The native was flogged by order of Captain P——.

One day in the Indian Ocean we had a great storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied by torrents of rain—such rain as can only be seen in the tropics. Our kind commander, Captain Johnson, had the ducks and geese let out of their pens. They thoroughly enjoyed themselves, paddling about, and had a good wash. This same day we saw a waterspout in the distance, sucking up the sea and dropping it down again.

On Saturday, December 4th, we arrived at

Bombay, truly thankful to be there in safety, and also to have done with the monotony of the steamer. We are both splendid sailors, but dislike the inaction of sea-life.

There are many islands about Bombay, and rocks, which make the entrance to the harbour difficult. A pilot came on board and took us in successfully. In due course we disembarked, and for the first time stepped on Indian soil.

Andrew, Captain Paterson, and I, drove through the very picturesque native town to the Byculla Hotel, where we became established comfortably, Andrew and I in two good rooms divided by a partition half-way up. In one corner of the bed-room, a third room—being small—containing a bath, &c.; everything clean and well arranged. A gas-lamp burning in each room, and a small light in a tumbler of cocoa-nut oil. We paid only eight rupees a day, bed and board, for Andrew and myself.

The buildings in the new part of Bombay

called the Port are very handsome, in Gothic style.

The moon shone as we drove through the Bendi bazaar to Byculla; the houses very picturesque with lattice windows, the natives in the most brilliant and varied colours.

Our dinner was excellent, including a delicious prawn curry, and ending with coffee; many native men called "boys" waiting, dressed in white calico, with naked feet. They had very dark skins, and wore white turbans on their heads, punkas going during dinner.

Next morning we were awakened by our housemaid—viz. a man very nearly black—bringing us two cups of tea, with deliciously thin flour-and-water biscuits. He was dressed in white calico, had naked feet, and wore a white skull-cap. I told him to send the dhobie (washerman), who soon arrived, and I practised some Hindostanee on him.

We stayed four nights at Bombay—the weather extremely hot all the time, night and

day; the eating good and abundant. After the chota hazaree (little breakfast) already named, we had a regular *dejeuner à la fourchette*, a tiffin, and dinner at 7.30. This, we found, was the usual amount of meals in all parts of India.

A juggler performed tricks very cleverly at the hotel door. He had snakes and cobra capellas with him. He played to them on a pipe. A mongo, a curious animal that eats snakes, was also of the party.

A funeral passed under our windows (for we are on the second story). The dead body was carried on a stretcher, the black head exposed, the body entirely covered by flowers laid all over it. Many natives accompanied it on foot.

The weather being far too hot to allow even us to walk, we hired a carriage for the day (five rupees).

We went to divine service at the fine cathedral Sunday morning and evening. Such a

true happiness to be in a church again! The service was choral, a good choir, a fine mellow-toned organ admirably played. Punkas were pulled by black men during the services, or the heat would have been unendurable. The chancel of the cathedral is extremely handsome.

There are fine trees near our hotel—the banyan and peplum (a sacred tree).

The streets of Bombay present immense variety; the houses are high and picturesque, many of them having elaborately carved brackets painted red and green. The Bendi bazaar has small open shops of all kinds. Many cows stroll about, helping themselves to what they choose. They are very fat, and, being sacred, are allowed to do as they like. Swarms of people fill the streets in the most varied costumes, some women dressed entirely in the brightest scarlet, others in blue or white, the dress consisting of one long wide scarf hung on most gracefully, one end passing

over the head, the remainder twisted round the waist, part of it so arranged as to form loose coverings for the legs; a large ornamented ring generally worn through the left nostril, ornaments stuck in the top part of the right ear, many bangles of glass or silver, anklets, rings on their naked toes, the feet and a good deal of the legs bare. The men wear all kinds of head-dresses—close-fitting caps, white turbans, large scarlet ones, some decorated with gold. The Parsees wear stiff high black caps. The flowing robes of some castes are very graceful, white prevailing; but there are costumes of all colours—a perfect kaleidoscope—most entertaining.

The generality of the poorest men wear hardly anything; many little boys nothing; others have a mere string tied round them of no visible use.

We visited the Parsee Hospital for Sick Animals—a curious though very sad sight. There were quantities of cows—some well,

others ill; there were many blind, some terribly crippled; one with a foot broken off, another with part of her hind leg gone; others with broken legs, the pieces hanging on. They found it very difficult to stand on three legs each. Some were mere skeletons. Two lay dying as we passed. The man who was showing us over the hospital said of one of these, "He not dead; he die."

The poor beasts are not allowed to be killed, that would be against the Hindoo religion. So, however much they suffer, they must wait till death comes naturally. A doctor is in constant attendance on these animals, but he must only administer medicine. No operation is allowed to be performed on them; if a leg happens to be broken, the piece must hang, the doctor not being permitted to amputate. They seemed well cared for and had plenty of good hay.

In another part of this hospital were a quantity of dogs of all kinds and sizes: one very

large kennel full of healthy dogs, those in the other in a sad state. The guardian said they had "the itches," meaning mange, I suppose. They looked wretched; some of them had hardly any hair left.

In a pen we saw a cat and kittens, one of the latter in its death-struggle. Again the guardian said, "He not dead; he die."

A pony with worn-away feet was standing in water to make them grow again. In India a horse in the stable is not only fastened by the head, but also a rope is attached to each hind-leg and fastened to posts, so he is quite a prisoner. All worn-out and wounded animals are sent to this hospital; it is kept up by rich Parsees and Hindoos.

We saw a blind monkey, and a bull blind with cataract there. Also quantities of healthy animals, fowls and pigeons, but none of them are allowed to be killed. Even the eggs the hens lay are buried, on account of the life in them!

The doctor also went about with us; he showed us the surgery.

We drove up Malabar Hill; there are lovely views from it of Bombay and the sea, numbers of charming villas and gardens, fine trees, cocoa-nut palms with the fruit hanging on them, and many trees whose names I know not.

We called on Judge Bailey with a letter from a kind friend. We were asked into his villa; he came to us at once, and we sat in the verandah, furnished with chairs, tables, Indian rugs, matting, &c., looking into the lovely garden, with a beautiful view of the sea below, palms, and other trees. On each side of the steps leading to the verandah there were choice plants in pots—caladiums, &c. The judge showed us his dining and drawing rooms and invited us for dinner next day. We went, and a most exquisite repast it was in every way. Afterwards we walked in the garden, a splendid moon lighting up the sea; the judge most kind and hospitable.

Driving up Malabar Hill we passed the place where the Hindoos burn their dead. A great light of fire, and a curious smell, long before we arrived near the place.

At the bank we got eleven rupees for each sovereign, so on one hundred pounds I made ten pounds extra. It is best to take sovereigns or English bank-notes to India. Agents do not give nearly such good exchange on letters of credit.

Captain Johnson, of the "Tartar," kindly took us in his steam launch to the Island of Elephanta, to see the wonderful Rock Temple. We were rather more than an hour steaming there. A swell, and the sea washed over us sometimes.

We landed at Elephanta by a curious pier composed of large square blocks of stone, a good space between each, so we had to stride from one to another. A number of nearly naked black men and boys came to meet us with large live green beetles and birds'-nests

like bags for sale. We did not encourage them. I was truly sorry for the poor beetles; the largest ones were kept prisoners by a string round their bodies.

Having reached the shore we ascended a long staircase cut out of the solid rock, and at the top arrived at the celebrated caves. Some guards near, and bungalows. We paid a small sum for admission into the enclosure, then sat down on the hill and had luncheon. From this position we had a lovely view of Elephanta Island, with its cocoa-nut palms and many tropical trees, the sea, and the opposite shores of Salsette.

After tiffin we went into the wonderful temple, hewn out of the solid rock.

The date is supposed to be between the eighth and twelfth centuries. The rock resembles porphyry; out of this the temple is excavated. The entrance is flanked by two enormous columns. The Great Temple is about one hundred and thirty feet long and

the same in breadth. The interior is large, and impressive with the long rows of pillars closing in perspective in every direction. On each side of the great temple is a smaller chapel. Twenty-six columns originally supported the cave; eighteen only remain.

The Linga Chapel is square, with four entrances. The Linga in the centre of this excavation is intended to represent Shiva in one of his characters, and is the special object of worship. Round the outside of this chapel are huge figures personating door-keepers. They rest on dwarfs.

There are many large groups of carving on the rock in the great temple; the principal one being the three-faced bust, nineteen feet high, representing Shiva in his three-fold character as Brahma the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver, and Rudra the Destroyer. This is called by the Hindoos a Trimurti. Brahma, in the centre, holds a gourd; on his left Vishnu has a lotus; on the right Rudra is smiling on

a cobra capella, a round lump on his forehead is his third eye: from this is to burst the flame that will destroy the world.

To the right of the Trimurti is a sculpture of Shiva, half male, half female, groups of gods and figures round. The compartment to the left of the Trimurti has gigantic figures of Shiva and Parvati his wife, with dwarfs, figures, and an elephant. Further on still to the left is a very fine stone group, called "the Marriage of Shiva and Parvati, admirably executed, the expressions of the faces good, and the attitudes so graceful! In the corresponding compartment to the right is "the Birth of Ganeshah, Shiva's eldest son." Many figures in these groups of sculpture—some skeletons, others such as Shiva the Ascetic, &c.

All these chapels and figures carved out of the solid rock are very wonderful. In one respect the rock temples of Aboo Simbel in Nubia are more curious, they having only narrow entrances like doors, while here the whole

front of the temple is open. However, the carving at Elephanta is very superior.

The view of Salsette by the setting sun was most enchanting. We steamed away, but the moon was up long before we reached Bombay.

The heat is very great—night as well as day.

Andrew has had to pay high duty on his gun and rifle entering India for the first time.

The buildings in the port of Bombay are very handsome—the library, post-office, town hall, &c., all in Gothic style, some very much decorated.

Colonel Fuller has kindly helped us to engage a servant to travel with us; he is a Suttar called Fakeera Roopa, speaks some English, and is very dark, almost black. We are to give him thirty rupees a month and a black coat; this is considered very high pay.

CHAPTER II.

NASSICK.—JUBBULPORE.—BENARES.—DINAPORE.

Wednesday, December 8th.—We left Bombay by a slow train at 7.45 this morning, on purpose to see the Ghâts by daylight. We passed through some very pretty country—lovely trees dotted about and in masses, villages of huts built of bamboo and plaister, with most picturesque people in great variety of colours.

The Ghâts are very curiously shaped rocks, ragged and jagged in form,—a natural column on one rock, just as if it had been built there.

We in the train passed up a steep incline over the Thull ghât—the view from the top of the pass being grand.

At Nassick station we left the train, took a "tonga"—an odd little carriage, something like a tiny dog-cart with an awning over it—drawn by two half-starved ponies, and were driven into the town of ancient Nassick. It is the most holy city in the west of India, situated on the river Godaveri, about five miles from the railway station. The ponies were yoked together over the shoulders by a cross-bar at the end of the pole, instead of being attached by traces. I was glad to see there were good solid pads under the yokes.

Nassick is said to have been the first seat of the founder of Buddhism about one thousand years before Christ. At certain seasons there are great pilgrimages here.

The streets of Nassick are very narrow and the inhabitants extremely picturesque.

When we arrived near the river we left the

carriage, descended by steps, and walked some distance by the Godaveri to a bridge by which we crossed to the other side, and went through the suburb of Panchavati, where we saw the principal temple dedicated to Rama. The carving in stone is fine. We were admitted into a great court having houses for the priests and their wives. The temple stands in the centre of this court, but we were not allowed to go inside.

Afterwards we visited the exterior of another temple, and went up on a terrace belonging to it, from whence the view was most interesting—the Godaveri with numberless temples on the banks, also some built on rocks and islands in the river; a crowd of natives in the most brilliant colours and in white, on a large flat island and the shore, buying and selling grain, sugar-cane, &c.; oxen with their quaint carts, and donkeys interspersed;—truly an Oriental scene.

A hideous fackeer outside this temple, tall

and black, almost naked, his hair standing on end most wildly, his face and body powdered with something blue which gave him a ghastly appearance. We saw other religious fanatics of the same kind as we continued our walk along the north bank.

Not finding another bridge, we returned through the fair. Many natives were bathing in the river.

The view lovely this evening, with the distant mountains and fine sunset.

We looked into several open temples and joshes. In one, the worshippers were marching round an image. Many priests were sitting outside the temples. The Linga with a stone cow sitting down, very frequent as idols, also a hideous figure painted vermillion—quantities of these anywhere along the river, often merely on an upright stone.

We wished to see the Buddhist caves at Pandu Lena, five miles from Nassick. Alas! time failed us, or rather light.

We had tea, with something to eat, at the dâk bungalow, and drove with fresh ponies about five miles back to the station. There we waited for the mail train, which picked us up about midnight. We were fortunate in having a comfortable first-class carriage to ourselves, with washing-closet and plenty of room to lie down and sleep.

Very hot both day and night.

After some twenty-one hours or more we reached Jubbulpore, and drove to Kellner's Hotel—a very large one—a bath-room next to the bed-room, with a big wooden tub and ghooras (earthen pots) full of water.

The gardens at the Great Indian Peninsular Railway stations are lovely, full of beautiful flowers in full bloom—pointsettias of enormous size, bourganvillias, roses, &c.; white convolvoli covering the roofs of the stations and also forming bowers to shelter the men who attend to the points on the line.

Splendid trees and fine mountains we saw

on our journey to Jubbulpore; camels, an elephant, and crowds of natives everywhere.

December 10*th*.—We set off before mid-day, in a carriage with two gentlemen, to the celebrated white marble rocks, the distance called eleven miles. We changed horses twice *en route*, so had three pairs. Each took us a short distance and waited our return. All poor, thin beasts, but one pair too wretched—quite small ponies. The natives are very hard on animals.

We stopped *en route* at Mudden Mahal, got out of the carriage, and walked up amongst curious hills formed of great basaltic boulders to a ruined temple built on the top of one immense round black rock. Most curious it is, specially as to position. A beautiful view from it of the city of Jubbulpore, plain, and mountains.

Having returned to our carriage, we drove through a picturesque village—idols here and there, set up against a tree or a stone, generally painted vermillion; also some of stone.

After the village the road was long and straight, with fine trees on each side.

When we changed horses, the fresh ones were caught by the way-side, and the tired ones turned out till our return. We saw a quantity of wild monkeys walking in the fields, like little mortals; also many beautiful birds with bright plumage. Occasionally we walked, to save the poor horses.

Having arrived at the Marble Rocks bungalow, we ordered dinner; and while the polite old black consamer was preparing it, we went on the river in a boat as far as the Cascade. The rocks are very high, they rise precipitously from the water, are of picturesque form, and in parts extremely white. One portion of the river is very narrow. Here the rocks are grander. Very fine indeed is this great mass of white marble.

After dinner we went up the river again in boats. The white marble rocks looked truly ghost-like and mysterious by moonlight.

Between the two rows on the river we walked about on shore, and were much interested with some Hindoo temples having good stone carving. We ascended many steps to the ruins of one, considered an excellent specimen of an old Hindoo temple. The large square court has innumerable idols carved in stone raised against the wall. The temple in the centre of the court consists of an outside entrance and a small room partly divided, the inner portion containing the idol of stone. I went in, being first, but the guides would not allow the gentlemen to do so without taking off their boots; to which they objected. However, they had no great loss.

We drove back to the town of Jubbulpore, and left at night for Benares. Though the day had been hot, the night was extremely cold. We had a first-class railway carriage to ourselves, and lay down and slept as much as we could.

In the early morning we arrived at Allahabad, passing over a magnificent bridge at the junction of the rivers Ganges and Jumna. Allahabad appears a pretty town, and there are plenty of trees. We only remained an hour, and proceeded to Benares *viâ* Mogul Serai, the junction. We waited some little time at this latter place, and I was amused watching a native lady being smuggled into a second-class railway carriage. She was brought into the station in a palanquin covered tightly all round, a woman walking by it. A man jumped into the railway carriage, put up all the shutters, then the palanquin was placed close to the door, a great curtain was held over it, so that it was impossible to see the lady pass into the carriage; the door was shut, and she was boxed up closely.

The Rajah of Jhampoor travelled with us from Mogul Serai to Benares. He said he had been to Chunar to pray. He spoke English fairly, and wanted to buy our Indian Brad-

shaw. As we could not spare it, I wrote down the address for him.

We arrived at Benares about 3 P.M., drove across the ricketty bridge of boats over the Ganges and to the United Service Hotel in the Cantonment, three miles from the native town. Having taken rooms, we walked to a small palace belonging to the Maharajah of Benares. Nothing much to see there, excepting common likenesses of our Queen and the Prince Consort, and an oil painting representing the meeting of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Maharajah of Benares.

At night we drove into the town with a German gentleman, and saw a Mahometan dancing girl perform. She was very dark, with good features, handsomely dressed in deep red, almost maroon, spangled and embroidered in gold, the material thin. The skirt was made very full; underneath this garment were ample white trousers, so long that they fell over the toes. She had gold ornaments on her head,

ear-rings, many bracelets, and anklets from the sound, though we could not see them. There was not much movement in the dancing. Now and then a working of one foot round the other and a twist of the body that extended the full skirt; ever and anon the girl moved backwards and forwards, placing her arms in various positions, sometimes holding the ends of the scarf (that enveloped the upper part of her body) over her head. She sang a good deal, in a monotonous tone, through her nose, improvising I believe, as she sometimes addressed me, taking my hand and looking at me. She did the same to Andrew and the German, who stared at her through his spectacles. She sang things that made the men with her laugh often. Occasionally she burst out into a succession of high trills, then resumed the song. Four black men accompanied her, two played curiously shaped stringed instruments with bows, holding them the contrary way to a violin; a third had two small

kind of drums, on which he performed a subdued tum-tum; and the fourth had triangles. All the time of the singing the girl chewed betel-nut to keep her mouth moist.

On Sunday we went twice to the Cantonment church. Soldiers in scarlet uniforms composed the choir, and sang well. We drove to the city of Benares; it is considered most holy by the Hindoos, who call it the "Lotus of the World." They make pilgrimages to it from all parts, believing that bathing in the Ganges will wash away all their sins. Crowds of Brahmin priests live on the offerings of the natives. We visited the Doorga Kund Tank and Temple, and fōund quantities of monkeys living there, perched on the roofs and scrambling all about. It was most amusing to watch their antics. Some were carrying their babies about. We bought grain, and they soon flocked round us. Some were so tame they took it out of our hands, filling both of theirs at the same time.

Outside this curious monkey temple we saw the place where a goat is daily sacrificed—a sword near, that is used to cut off the head of the victim. The priests take the offering.

We drove on to the Observatory, near to the city of Benares, and ascended to the roof, from whence is a fine view of the town and the river Ganges. From the Man Mandil Ghât, we embarked on the top of a quaint native barge, and were rowed up and down the river to see the ghâts (landing-steps) and banks of the river, which are rich in palaces and Hindoo temples.

The houses rise in tiers to a considerable height, the great mosque of Aurungzebe being a striking object.

There were many people bathing in the river, believing that they cleanse at the same time both body and soul in the sacred stream. Crowds of natives were also sitting on the banks under huge umbrellas made of palm

leaves ; they looked like great mushrooms stuck up.

At the burning-ghât we saw bodies waiting to be cremated, men squatting near watching them.

We landed to visit the Mani Karinka Tank, a dip in which, the Hindoos believe, purifies from all sin. The water looked very dirty, and had a woeful smell, no doubt caused chiefly by the quantities of decaying flowers floating on it. From one of the minarets of the great Mosque Aurungzebe we had a capital view of the city and country, even to the large ruins of the Buddhist establishment at Sarnath, four miles away. We walked about the narrow arcaded streets, or rather passages of the holy city ; saw the Golden Temple, a wonder of intricately carved walls, the extinguisher-shaped roof being outside over-laid with plates of gold. Numbers of natives were carrying offerings of fruit and flowers to the idol. Also there was an idol over the gate-

way of the temple, to which they threw water brought from the Ganges. We went inside the temple and saw the natives presenting their gifts. Many cows were walking about in the temple, quite at home. They are sacred animals, and made much of. The priests look like any other Hindoos. The people bow to the idols. The latter are nearly covered with natural flowers. In one temple we saw a priest marking the worshippers on their foreheads. Most of the natives have paint on their foreheads in stripes or other designs—red, yellow, or white, to show their caste or religion. The stone-carving in the temples is very fine, specially in those called Bisheshwar and Bhaironath.

Kalkup, the Well of Fate, is much revered, as the natives believe they can read their destinies in the water. It was very full of flowers thrown in as offerings.

We crossed the Ganges by a bridge of boats to the railway station, from whence Benares

looks beautiful, with its temples, minarets, and tiers of houses. We proceeded by train to Dinapore Station, some seven hours and a half. There we were met by our kind friends, Colonel and Mrs. Stewart, who took us in their carriage to stay with them at their most comfortable bungalow in the Cantonment, three miles distant. Very good rooms in the house—large dining-rooms, drawing-rooms, and hall. We had bed-room and dressing-room, also two bath-rooms. In the garden were lovely flowers in full bloom—roses, tube-roses, pointsettias, &c.

We stayed ten days at Dinapore; went to badminton parties late. The days were hot, nights chilly.

We had some durzies (tailors) to arrange our toilettes for the royal fêtes at Calcutta. It was amusing to watch them sewing in the verandah, sitting on the ground.

One day we drove through the native town to Bankipore, where great preparations were going on for the reception of the Prince of

Wales. The natives drive in small wooden carriages called eckas, on two wheels; they each have an awning. We saw many; also bullock-carts. There are very fine trees on each side of the road from Dinapore to Bankipore, banyans and others. A thick hedge of sweet-scented mimosa bordered each side of the road going to Dinapore Station, but covered with dust, which is terrible here. The country is flat and ugly. There are huge barracks for the soldiers, houses for the officers, and last, though greatest, a church.

I am so sorry for the poor calves. They accompany the cows when they come to be milked; each calf is allowed to suck a very little to make the milk come; it is then tied tight to the cow's fore leg while she is milked —she, poor beast, fancying that her calf is feasting—a terrible case of tantalus for the calf.

All the animals are half-starved. The natives will drive them to death's door, and

ill-treat them in every way, but will not kill them.

Europeans eat enormously in India—three great dinners daily, besides chota hazaree (early breakfast), afternoon and evening teas. The ladies stay indoors till nearly dusk, then go to a badminton party, and even have a carriage out to visit a next-door neighbour or a very near one. Colonel Stewart has a number of native servants—Fanny her English maid.

CHAPTER III.

CALCUTTA.—ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE OF WALES. — ILLUMINATIONS. — GARDEN PARTY AT SIR RICHARD TEMPLE'S.—DINNER, AND BALL AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE.—NATIVE FÊTE.—INVESTITURE OF THE STAR OF INDIA.

December 23*rd.*—We arrived at Calcutta, having travelled all night. Near the end of our journey we had fine tropical vegetation on each side—plantains, palms, and other trees interspersed with native huts, villages, and the black inhabitants squatting about; they seldom stand, but sit on their calves, which they wear quite thin.

At Spence's Hotel we found comfortable

rooms ready for us, some of our windows looking on the grand entrance to Government House. It afforded us much amusement seeing the native grandees arrive to call on the Viceroy (Lord Northbrook). A guard of soldiers with their band were at the bottom of the great flight of steps leading to the principal door of Government House. The band played on each arrival, and a salute was fired according to the rank of each visitor. Crimson cloth was laid down the middle of the steps; on this the grandee walked, a gorgeously embroidered umbrella of many colours being held over his head. His numerous attendants went up the side of the crimson cloth, not on it. Each party came separately and stayed a short time. Much pomp and ceremony were displayed. The Maharajah of Jodhpore and his attendants wore long, full, pink petticoats, that stood out a great deal; they were otherwise very gorgeous. Their equipages and escorts were truly picturesque.

We drove with the Stewarts in their carriage.

The Cathedral is a fine building, and the houses along Chowringhee Road are very handsome. The Maidan is a large open space like a park. We saw the horses and carriages ready for the Prince of Wales—many Arabs, four of them are to go to England for the Princess. One strong black pony from the north-west of India had a mane and tail that nearly reached the ground. There were two fine bay horses brought by the Prince from England; numerous handsome plain carriages, close and open, from England; two large fourgons for luggage; nine white-faced postilions in scarlet jackets embroidered with gold; and a whole party of black-faced coachmen in scarlet and gold with Prince of Wales' Feathers embroidered in silver on their breasts, a smaller one on their turbans, which were white, with a scarlet and gold band across them.

We drove on to the quarters of the 109th

Regiment; they were encamped on the Maidan. We heard their fine band play, then watched men tearing about on ponies playing polo, till it was so dark they could see no longer.

Government House is a large plain building, receding in the centre; it has a dome and a portico besides the great entrance at the top of the flight of broad steps. There is another below, where ordinary mortals write their names in the Viceroy's book.

The time for calling in India is from 12 to 2 o'clock.

The weather is much warmer here than at Dinapore, though chilly at night.

Thursday, December 23rd.—To-day His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales arrived at Calcutta. The Stewarts, Andrew, and I drove to a great building on Prinsep's ghat, where we found the tickets we had received admitted us to capital places for seeing—we were in one of the wings of the building. In the centre part, sitting on sofas or standing, were nume-

rous great native princes, most splendidly dressed in satins and velvets embroidered in gold, some in pearls. They each wore several necklaces of diamonds, emeralds, amethysts, and other precious stones. They had variously coloured and differently shaped turbans. Yellow, maize, black and gold, white, some of them a blaze of jewels. The Maharajah of Cashmere's turban was white and yellow with jewels. His Highness of Rewah wore a splendid mauve velvet dress embroidered in gold, the pattern being floral. On his head was a high gold crown. His face was painted, he being a leper. He wore gloves with diamonds set on them. The Maharajah of Benares is a nice-looking old man, with grey hair; but the Maharajah of Pattiala eclipsed all in richness of toilette. He wore a light blue satin dress, necklaces of pearls and diamonds, a white turban brilliant with diamonds and emeralds, a fine diamond spray on one side that belonged once to the Empress Eugenie. It was said

that his jewels alone were worth three hundred thousand pounds. Besides the great princes I have named were many others, blazing with gems, on the reception platform awaiting the arrival of His Royal Highness. A pontoon, covered with scarlet cloth, led from the platform to the river; this was lined on each side by native soldiers. There were immense crowds of people everywhere, inside the reception tent and outside. The vessels on the Hooghly were gay with flags. Altogether the scene was brilliant beyond description.

Tremendous firing of cannon at last told us that the Prince of Wales was coming. Lord Northbrook, Lord Napier of Magdala, Sir Richard Temple, &c., walked down the pontoon to meet him, and an address was carried in a splendid casket. His Royal Highness was dressed in a field-marshal's uniform. He looked extremely well. With him were the Duke of Sutherland, Sir Bartle Frere, and other members of his suite. On

arriving at the platform the Prince paused a little; the native grandees were presented to him, then he left with many carriages and escort for Government House.

We were much amused watching the Maharajahs drive away. Most of them had four horses, some driven by a coachman, others having two postilions, and always a syce running by each horse in case of accidents. The harness was very decorative: one set of horses wore silver bracelets (bangles) that made a great jingle as they trotted along. Each carriage was full, the Rajahs being attended by a large suite in rich attire. The escorts were curious, some of the men on horseback looked so wild. Those of the Maharajah of Benares had tiger-skins for saddle-cloths.

The Viceroy's beautiful band played outside Government House to-night.

January 24th.—After paying visits in the day, we drove out at night to see the illuminations in honour of the Prince of Wales. First

we went to the United Service Club on Chowringhee road. From the balcony we had an excellent view of the illuminations all round the Maidan, Government House, the Museum, the High Court, Post Office, &c. Innumerable small glasses with a light in each were placed thickly on the buildings following the lines of architecture, the effect being beautiful. There were festoons of many-coloured Chinese lanterns on each side of the roads. Opposite the Club was a grand temporary arch brilliant with illuminated devices. The Prince's procession passed close under the Club in many carriages with a guard of honour; then followed crowds of carriages containing Indian grandees, Europeans, and poor Indians. All kinds of people and the greatest variety of equipages. Such a strange mixture. One omnibus crammed inside and out with natives was drawn by one poor horse who could hardly crawl along at a foot's pace. Too cruel! Many ticker gharries were drawn by tiny

skeleton ponies. The two miles of buildings bounding the Maidan (a large open space) on the north and south were traced out in lines of fire. The domes of Government and other houses came out splendidly. At Monohur Doss Tank a screen-work representing a temple was illuminated, also the sides of the tank, the reflection in the water being lovely. We passed under several triumphal arches covered with various lighted designs. The revolving illuminations were very pretty.

We continued our pilgrimage, following slowly in the string of carriages many miles through the town and native bazaars, all a blaze of light. There were festoons of different-coloured lamps on each side of the road; transparencies representing Indian views; portraits of our Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales; also stars, Prince of Wales' Feathers, Royal Arms, &c.; then flags and Chinese lanterns. The native bazaars were most original; in one there were quaint paintings on each

side the narrow street of natives, animals, tiger-shooting, nautch dancers, all kinds of subjects. The streets were crowded with carriages and with natives squeezing along, the roofs of the houses being covered with natives, especially women, who added much to the general effect in their bright-coloured garments. Here and there a palm-tree came in with good effect.

This illumination of Calcutta was the largest, most complete and curious I have ever seen.

Calcutta, Christmas Day, 1875.—We went to the Cathedral this morning, where we much enjoyed a grand choral service. The fine organ was admirably played. The Bishop of Calcutta (Millman) preached. The Prince of Wales, with Lord Northbrook, Miss Baring, and other great people, were present at the service.

To-night we dined with Sir Richard Temple (Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal) at his large house called Belvedere. Lady Temple, being

unwell, did not appear. When we arrived, Captain Frith (an aide-de-camp) met us at the bottom of the great staircase, took me up, and introduced us. Sir Richard Temple took me into dinner, and Count Seckindorf sat on my left. There were twenty-eight ladies and gentlemen at dinner. Sir Richard and I sat in the middle of one side of the table. One immense apartment constituted dining and drawing room. Ladies and gentlemen left the table together as they went to it. Sir Richard showed me the lovely views he had taken of Darjeeling and the Himalayas; also Lady Temple's pretty boudoir.

After dinner some Indian Rajahs arrived, with handsome diamonds in their turbans. Several ladies played and sang, I for one. Miss Temple performed admirably on the piano.

It is the fashion in India for no one to leave a party until the lady who goes in first to dinner has done so.

When we said good-night the party broke up.

Hot day, with cold, thick fog at night.

December 27th.—The Stewarts and we went to a great garden party at Belvedere, given by Sir Richard and Lady Temple to the Prince of Wales. They walked about the grounds, His Royal Highness in the middle, his suite and many people following. Many hundreds present beautifully dressed, both Europeans and natives. As for the latter, their jewels and their velvet or satin dresses worked with gold, were most gorgeous, and the effect of the many bright colours moving about in the gardens was brilliant in the extreme. A great display there was of Rajahs and Maharajahs. Puttiala was specially splendid, his dress being embroidered with pearls.

One great point in the entertainment was an interesting exhibition of the Assamese—a wild tribe from the hills. The men wore feathers arranged in savage style round their

heads; they carried barbed spears and shields made of skin; they looked wild and warlike; the feathers about their heads stuck out in all directions. The women had a blue and red cotton petticoat each, fastened tightly round; huge ear-rings hanging from the tops of their ears, strings of beads round their necks, and bangles. They were very small women with dark skins. The men were taller and had thick legs. There must have been fifty of these people. They danced on the grass before the Prince; he sat with Miss Baring and Lady Temple, one on each side; the remainder of the guests formed into a great circle. The Assamese performed different figures, all moving like clockwork, their feet going a high jog-trot, their arms pointing out one at a time, sometimes both hands held high up. After this show of the whole tribe together, a dance was performed by four men and four women placed as in a quadrille; then four warriors gave a solo each, with shields, dancing,

jumping, and capering round most actively. One depicted in pantomime the killing of a foe; another threw his lance in the air, catching it, after several evolutions, in a wonderful way. The music consisted of tum-tums, stringed instruments, and a fife.

When the Prince wearied of all this, he got up and walked away—there was an end of it—and we adjourned to one of the refreshment tents. These were decorated with great flags emblazoned with the Royal Arms.

We next strolled about the gardens to see the illuminations. Most lovely they were. Myriads of small earthen saucers with lights in them were placed close together along each side of the walks, on the ground, and round the lake, reflecting in the water; these lines of fire were very effective. Then there were festoons of lamps, and a temple was a blaze of light. The house was illuminated with small glasses, some red, some yellow, in lines following the architecture, a sight not to be

forgotten. The brilliantly dressed company walking about, added greatly to the scene.

The Prince of Wales dined with Sir Richard and Lady Temple, and at night we met him at a great ball given to him by the Viceroy (Lord Northbrook) at Government House. The Prince evidently enjoyed the dancing; he valses admirably. The ball was crowded, though the rooms are very large. Many half-caste people present, but no natives. The heat and dust were trying. An excellent supper; but the really delightful band was to me the best part of the entertainment.

Very hot day.

December 28th.—His Royal Highness had a levée at Government House, which Andrew and Colonel Stewart attended, and found a very numerous assembly.

We wrote our names in the visiting-books at Belvedere for Sir Richard and Lady Temple. We have also done this at Government House.

At night we went to a gorgeous entertainment at Belgatchia Villa, given to our Prince by the principal natives of Calcutta. The bazaars and sides of the road were brilliantly illuminated the whole way there, some five miles. Crowds of natives lined the streets and squatted on the house-tops. A fine Jain temple, lighted up, formed a striking object.

Arrived at Villa Belgatchia we found the whole place a blaze of light, the villa, gardens, lake, and the large hall built for the entertainment being illuminated. We went straight into this building, and were fortunate in securing front seats in the avenue of chairs near the royal dais. The hall was lighted by quantities of glass chandeliers; the ceiling was painted blue to represent the sky, and was studded with stars. When we arrived the hall was full of richly-dressed native men—many who had contributed to the entertainment. As Europeans arrived, I was really shocked to see the natives turned out of their

chairs and sent to the back to make room for the new comers. And they did not give up their places willingly. Our National Anthem, played by natives, welcomed our Prince on his arrival. He and the Viceregal party walked up the avenue of people and seated themselves on the dais—Lord Northbrook on the right of the Prince, Miss Baring on his left, next her Sir Richard Temple, the suite behind. His Royal Highness wore his Field-Marshal's dress and diamond orders, &c.

Then began native singing and music. It was monotonous, mostly minor, the singing nasal; the musical instruments curious—very little sound came even from the largest. There were stringed instruments, large and small, the usual tum-tum, &c., all played with a great air. One man performed on two pipes by pressing them against his throat outside, one right, the other left; another gave a solo on a jew's-harp, and a third distinguished himself by playing on steel castanets in the

shape of bars. He threw himself into attitudes as he played, and was most energetic. Also there was a trio on a stringed instrument called setar. To conclude, a nautch took place. A number of native dancing girls with dark skins appeared, splendidly got up in flowing dresses embroidered in gold, long full trousers hanging even over the feet; anklets jingled underneath when they moved. They wore many trinkets, enormous ear-rings hanging from the tops of their ears, head ornaments, necklaces, bangles, &c. The dancing consisted mostly in turning round, the dress flowing, and gliding along with the arms up. Sometimes two or three performed together.

I do not believe that the nautch was over when the Prince got up and the party went into the villa for supper. We followed in due course, seeing the garden illuminations and grand fire-works first. Everything was well done, regardless of expense. One room in the villa had a crimson velvet couch embroi-

dered in gold, for the Prince to take rest upon. There was supper in many rooms,—it was very excellent in the Viceregal apartment, where we feasted after that party had left.

The streets were as brightly illuminated as ever for our return, though the crowds had vanished.

It was 3 A.M. when we reached the hotel—a long affair.

December 29th.—We saw the Prince's special train, the one for the Great Indian Peninsular Railway. The carriages were painted white, decorated with the Royal Arms and Prince of Wales' Feathers. Inside they were most comfortable—one formed a sitting-room furnished with sofas having covers of green morocco. There were movable tables, convenient lamps, also shades to keep the sun off the windows, and wire gauze to guard against dust. Next to this carriage was a boudoir for the Prince; then his bed-room, which was furnished with red damask, had a real bed in it and a sofa,

also a bath-room, with a large bath, and adjoining that the valet's room. For the suite there were carriages with couches for four in each, with several baths and shower-baths. Truly little fatigue travelling in such comfort, being positively a necessity to undress and go properly to bed!

We drove to the China bazaar, bought fans, China silk, and a pine-apple dress. Walked in the Eden Gardens, which are extremely well laid out and planted with tropical trees and plants. The marine band belonging to the Prince's steamer was playing there admirably well.

Andrew and I dined at Government House by invitation of the Viceroy to meet His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The Viceroy (Lord Northbrook) was very kind; he sat by me and talked, said he was sorry he had not been able to do more for us, his time being so much taken up with the Prince.

There were a good many guests, amongst

them Mr. and Mrs. Robinson of Madras, General and Mrs. Lumsden—between thirty and forty at dinner. His Royal Highness took in Miss Baring, who curtsied when she accepted his arm. Lord Suffield was my cavalier, and I was fortunate in having the Duke of Sutherland on the other side, so I felt quite at home and had plenty of conversation with both neighbours. The Prince and Miss Baring sat in the middle of one side of the table, the Viceroy and Mrs. Robinson being their *vis à vis.* The band played outside during dinner, ending with a bit of our National Anthem after the Prince had given "the Queen," when we all stood.

Soon after ice the Prince rose; that was the signal for the ladies to leave, the gentlemen remaining behind to smoke, but they only stayed a short time.

In the evening there was a large reception of Europeans and native chiefs, amongst them the Maharajas of Rewah, Pattiala, and Rajah

of Benares, all gorgeously attired in bright colours and jewels. I was introduced by Sir Bartle Frere to several native grandees whose names, alas! I have forgotten. They spoke some English. The Viceroy presented me to the Prince of Wales. We made the acquaintance of General Probyn, General and Mrs. Lumsden, and others. The Maharajah of Rewah had his face painted. A professional played the piano and sang.

December 30th.—Sir Henry Norman called on us. Truly agreeable he is.

The Stewarts and we went down the river Hooghly in a steam launch to the Botanical Gardens, where we landed and walked. The grounds are very extensive, the beds of bright-coloured balsams very pretty. There are a great variety of trees, and much fruit on the cocoa-nut palms. The great sight is the enormous banyan tree; it has at least three hundred stems, and is a thousand feet or more round the outer branches. Some pretty

creepers grow up it, one with a leaf like a fern.

We crossed the river to the menagerie of the King of Oude and strolled about looking at the birds and animals. They are not well cared for. I was very sorry for the monkeys in small dens. One old monkey nursing her baby was too human—when the little thing tried to walk away the mother prevented it by gently drawing it nearer to her.

Calcutta looks very well from the river

Andrew and I dined with the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Napier, at the fort—a very nice party of twenty-eight. Lord Napier was extremely kind to us, he was most agreeable and chatty.

General and Mrs. Lumsden are great acquisitions to our stock of friends.

The weather is very hot.

January 1st, 1876.—Quite a red-letter day. We were up early, and went with the Stewarts to the great ceremony of the Investiture of

the Star of India. The chapter was held on the Maidan, where an encampment had been formed. There was a grand durbar tent for the investiture, with an avenue of tents from it for spectators and for the Knights Grand Commanders to assemble in, a tent for each with his followers. The Shemiana was filled with spectators on all sides, on tiers of seats. In the centre was a raised dais; on it two splendid silver-plated chairs, and over it a canopy hung with light blue satin trimmed with wavy silver fringe. Andrew and I had reserved places close to the dais—in fact, with the Viceregal party, as Miss Baring sat just before me, and her companion, Miss Ffoulks, occupied the chair next to mine. She was very kind in telling me the names of the Indian Princes. Each arrived separately, with a grand procession of attendants, officials, and banners. Each Knight Grand Commander wore over his own gorgeous native dress a most beautiful blue satin robe lined with white

satin, the collar of the Order round his neck, their long trains being held each by two pages brilliantly dressed, the two little black ones of the Maharajah of Rewah in red and yellow, the National March being played outside. There were two bands, one of them from the "Serapis."

The Begum of Bhopal arrived first, the only Lady Knight Commander. She is very small; her face was covered with a blue veil which stood out like a vizor so that no one could see her. She looked quite a bundle of silk, the blue satin mantle of the Order over all. She arrived at 8 A.M. with her procession. After, came at periods of five minutes, Sir Salar Jung Bahador, the Maharajah of Pattiala, the Commander-in-Chief Lord Napier of Magdala, the Maharajah of Travancore, Sir Bartle Frere, the Maharajahs of Rewah, Jeypore, Holkar, Cashmere, and Scindia. Each moved off right and left to the seat allotted to him; so when all were settled they formed an avenue from

the throne, their attendants and pages being placed behind their respective princes. Most splendid they looked in their gorgeous costumes and dazzling jewels. All the most brilliant colours were there in the richest satins and velvets embroidered in gold and pearls and other precious stones, the mantles of the Star of India being thrown back so that the dresses underneath could be seen. Each native prince wore splendid jewels in profusion. Most of them had several necklaces, strings of immense pearls, emeralds, rubies, diamonds, and sapphires; their turbans and differently shaped head-dresses were loaded with them. Pattiala outshone all the rest; he wore diamonds that had belonged to the Empress Eugenie, an exquisite spray of diamonds in his turban being most effective. Pattiala is a fine-looking young man and is very stately. Rewah was extremely gorgeous; he wore a huge gem on each finger, of many different kinds. Some had diamond armlets. But it is

impossible to do justice to the magnificence of the costumes. Cashmere is a proud man; Holkar very portly; Jeypore much smaller—he wore spectacles and was more plainly dressed than most. Besides these very great Maharajahs, there were many other grandees, amongst them the Rajah of Benares.

About 9 o'clock the Prince of Wales entered the tent in state, his procession consisting of his suite. He wore a field-marshal's uniform, with a white helmet and plume, the blue satin mantle and collar of the Order, diamond star, &c.; his pages were naval cadets dressed in blue satin—hats and white feathers, Charles the First style, but they were too tall. The last procession was that of the Grand Master, Lord Northbrook. When the Prince ascended the dais the band played our National Anthem, everyone standing. The Prince and Lord Northbrook then sat on the silver chairs; the pages belonging to each stood

behind; and the suites had chairs behind the dais. Mr. Atchison, the Secretary, wore a white satin cloak lined with blue satin, and conducted the whole business with exceeding dignity. The Maharajah of Jodhpore, and the Rajah of Jheend were created Knights Grand Commanders by the Prince of Wales. The first-named was dressed in most quaint style: he had a very wide petticoat full of pleats and rather short, that stuck out like a ballet girl's dress. The colour was pink, and he wore splendid jewels. Mr. Atchison brought these two great men to the dais one at a time, with much ceremony. He and they bowed three times to His Royal Highness and the same to the Viceroy, approaching, which they repeated retiring, walking backwards from the dais. Mr. Atchison had difficulty in making his pupils walk backward, especially the Maharajah of Jodhpore, who seemed to find this part of the performance very trying. The mantle of the Order with the long train, which

was then put on him for the first time, increased his trouble. The Prince placed the very handsome chain of gold and enamel over the heads of the newly-made Knights Grand Commanders. This was the collar of the Order, and was worn by all of the highest degree. The Maharajah of Punna, in a high yellow head-dress decorated with splendid diamonds, the Rajah of Nahum, the Sahib of Indore, Mr. Robinson, and many others, were created Knights Commanders, and the Prince of Wales invested them with the blue ribbon and Star of India set in diamonds. He conferred the Third Degree on others. We were close to the table on which were the different badges, and where the knights were robed. The Order of the Third Class was merely fastened on the left side of the coat.

The whole of the Shemiana was filled with well-dressed people, and the *coup d'œil* was magnificent. It was splendid to see the Knights Grand Commanders with their pages,

suites, and banners march away in grand procession when all was over. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales left first.

The bands played at intervals during the chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

RETURN TO DINAPORE.—GREAT DURBAR AT BANKIPORE.—PROCESSION OF ELEPHANTS.—AGRA.—TAJ MAHAL BY MOONLIGHT.—MOTI MUSJID.—FORT.—PALACES.—JUMNA MUSJID.—JOURNEY TO DELHI.

We and the Stewarts, with their dog Robin, and servants, left Calcutta at night for Dinapore. The train was very late. As we had a reserved compartment, we were obliged to wait till after the mail train left, and that was two hours late. The platform was crowded with natives squatting about with their great bundles of bedding, kitchen utensils, &c. Many belonged to Indian princes leaving Cal-

cutta. Outside the station were numbers of horses waiting to be sent on by train. Some were not likely to get away for days.

Now that the Calcutta Festivities are over, every one that can, moves north. We returned with the Stewarts to Dinapore to stay with them.

January 3rd.—This afternoon we and the Stewarts went to Bankipore from Dinapore, on a visit to the 109th Regiment encamped there. Colonel Stewart took beds and everything needful. The 109th found us capital tents, in which we slept. We all dined at mess; afterwards sat out of doors round a bonfire, while the excellent band played. We saw a very beautiful and tame leopard that the sergeants were going to give our Prince on the morrow. It was very cold in the tent at night.

January 4th.—About 7 o'clock this morning we were in the splendid durbar tent, tastefully decorated for the reception of the Prince

of Wales. A raised dais at one end, with two gold-plated chairs. From the durbar tent outside was a long avenue of Venetian masts with red flags. The 109th lined the approach and guarded the ground. Inside the tent sat Indian princes right and left of the dais, arranged according to their rank, each in his own chair of state plated with gold or silver, or made of carved ivory, with velvet cushions. The young Maharajah, Kuch Bewar, was there; the Rajah of Patna; the Rajah of Dumraon, a venerable, stately man in a full white muslin dress down to his feet, very beautifully set diamonds in his white turban; he wore a splendid necklace of diamonds and emeralds, besides other necklaces. The Rajah of Hutwah wore black velvet richly embroidered in gold; his jewels were grand emeralds. Rajah Deo, of the line of Uddiapore, the oldest house of India, and perhaps of the world, had a toilette of various colours. One great man wore mauve satin embroidered in gold. They

seemed to vie with each other in magnificence; most of them were gorgeous with jewels, and bright colours in the richest materials.

Having chosen our seats, we went out to inspect the elephants. I was told there were five hundred and seventy. They were splendidly got up; they wore ear-rings, necklaces (one made of rupees strung together), silver anklets; strings of large beads hanging across the face in rows; grand housings, some gold-plated, hanging nearly to their feet. The howdas were splendid — gold-plated, silver-plated, ivory, or some other material, covered with bright colours. Many of the elephants had their faces and trunks painted in a cashmere shawl pattern in colours. One huge beast was painted all over in this style.

The Prince of Wales arrived about 9 A.M. with his suite, and Sir Richard Temple, in several carriages. There was a mounted escort. The Prince was received with cheers. He and Sir Richard Temple took their places

before the state chairs on the dais, and stood while the native chiefs, many civilians, and the officers of the 109th, were presented. The natives made great salaams. Our Prince bowed in return—sometimes he sighed as if he were tired of it.

After this reception the Prince looked at the presents given to him by the Rajahs. Then a breakfast took place in another tent, for which we all had invitations; the Prince, his suite, and the principal people of Bankipore at one table, the general company at others. After *déjeuner* (for which we were thankful, seeing we had waited long and the morning was cold) the Prince inspected the elephants. We stood near him, so saw well. They marched past, four deep, in all their Oriental magnificence. It was indeed a splendid sight: each had a mahout on his neck, and gaily dressed natives there were in the howdas. One of the elephants belonging to the Maharajah of Hutwa was fifty years old, ten feet ten inches high;

his name was Jumna Pershad; his howda was gold-plated and had a kind of dome, three brilliantly dressed natives in it, and the mahout was gorgeous. This elephant's golden housings hung to his knees; he was decorated with heaps of ornaments, great ear-rings stuck in the tops of his ears, necklace, &c. One very small elephant, when he arrived opposite the Prince, stopped, and danced before him.

We saw the presents given to the Prince; beautiful they were — elaborate silver claret-jugs, tea-service in cashmere-work, silver filigree baskets exquisitely done, a gold-plated palkee, and many other things, besides a pair of very pretty little oxen, called Ghinee, in a handsome small bullock-cart. When these little beasts were being driven about to be shown off to our Prince they arrived at one of the strips of scarlet drugget laid down for the guests to walk on, both jumped it at the same time as if it had been a ditch, to the great amusement of those present.

The Prince and party left for Benares after the march past of the elephants.

This afternoon Colonel Stewart, Andrew, and I rode an elephant an hour out and back again, through the city of Patna, which is composed of mud hovels. The bad smells were disagreeable. No display in the bazaar. Elephants and camels round a Rajah's encampment. We dined at mess with the 109th in a large tent, then went to Mrs. Metcalfe's ball given in the Shemiana tent, where the durbar was held this morning. The band of the 109th played charmingly. I danced several times. Mr. Edgar, Deputy Commissioner of Darjeeling, begged to be introduced to me, out of admiration for the old point-lace on my dress. He took me in to supper, and Sir Richard Temple called me to sit on his left. He was the great man there, being Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. He invited us to stay with him at Calcutta and Darjeeling.

Very cold, frosty night.

Wednesday, January 5th.—We drove to the Gola, a huge, dome-shaped building, very high, with steps outside winding round to the top. It was built to contain grain in case of famine, but not used as it did not answer.

We went inside, where there is a curious echo; if one spoke, the sentence was repeated just behind in a sepulchral tone; if anyone laughed, it seemed that a hundred demons were echoing it all round. A plank dashed on the ground caused a frantic noise.

We went to the top of the Gola outside. The view consisted mostly of flat country, the Ganges, and the tents of the 109th. We saw a fine young tiger in a wooden box on a bullock-cart brought for our Prince, who will have quite a menagerie on board the "Serapis."

We returned with our kind friends, Colonel and Mrs. Stewart, to their charming house at Dinapore, where they have everything so well appointed and so comfortable, even to ex-

cellent butter and cream—luxuries difficult to meet with in India.

We remained two nights, then started for the north. Colonel Stewart and Fanny took us in their carriage to the station and saw us off. They have been only too kind to us in every way. We travelled part of the day and all night—past Allahabad on to Agra, where we arrived next day about 2 P.M., having a good view of the grand White Taj Mahal long before, across the plain. Close to the station the Jumna Musjid and Fort are fine objects.

We settled ourselves at Harrison's Hotel.

After tiffin we drove to the Taj Mahal, some two or three miles. Great preparations were going on along the road for the reception of the Prince of Wales. Terrible dust blowing about—the air quite thick with it.

We passed under a magnificent gateway of red sandstone decorated with inlaid marbles, into the gardens, having the incomparable White Marble Taj in full view at the end of

FRONT VIEW OF THE TAJ MAHAL, AGRA.
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a long vista of cypress. We walked on white marble up this avenue by a narrow reservoir where are pipes for fountains to play. However, water was wanting. On each side this narrow tank are lovely gardens and trees—pointsettias and other flowers in bloom. It must be about a quarter of a mile from the gateway to the Taj. This is a huge domed building with four detached minarets of the purest white marble standing on a great platform of the same. Round the four fine arches of the Taj, and the windows, are sentences from the Koran, executed in inlaid black marble; in the middle of the great arches are bouquets of flowers formed of coloured stones inlaid in the white marble. On one side of the Taj is a mosque built of red sandstone with three white marble domes; on the other a false mosque to match called the Jawab (answer). We went all about the mosque and to the top of one of the minarets, from whence we had a good sight of the top of the Taj

with the four small domes on the roof and gilt spikes crowning them. All these buildings are on the sacred river Jumna. We saw a fire by the river, and were told it was caused by burning bodies.

We went three separate times inside the Taj, examined it with candles, and afterwards blue lights. The wainscoating round the dome has bouquets of flowers exquisitely sculptured in the white marble. Under the centre of the great dome is the monument to Moomtazi Mehul, and next to it is one to Shah Jehan. They are both sarcophagi of the purest white marble, exquisitely inlaid with bloodstones, agates, lapis lazuli, malachite, and other choice stones, in flowers and divers patterns. An octagonal screen of white marble all open-worked in exquisite tracery encircles them. It is decorated here and there with lovely flowers in mosaic.

We descended by marble steps into the chamber beneath, where the king and queen

really are buried; two beautiful white marble sarcophagi inlaid with precious stones are there also—*pietre dure*, I mean.

Shah Jehan built the Taj as a mausoleum to his favourite wife Moomtaz-i-Mehul. Twenty thousand men toiled at it twenty years, and though the labour was forced, it cost two millions of sovereigns.

We were fortunate in having a full moon, the best moment for seeing the exterior of the Taj to perfection, and most beautiful it was,—in fact, a sight never to be forgotten. We walked round the platform, stopping constantly to admire and wonder—the lights and shadows in the lovely garden exquisite. From the gateway looking down the avenue of cypress the Taj appeared by moonlight most ghostly, so very white—quite a dream of beauty. I could hardly tear myself away—nor could we resist visiting the beauteous sight again another night.

When the sun shines on the Taj, the intense whiteness is dazzling.

On Sunday we walked a mile to the English Church, and back. It was hot and very dusty. We drove to the Fort to see it and to attend afternoon service there, but found none. We went over the many fine buildings inside the walls. The Motee Musjid, or Pearl Mosque, stands on a lofty sandstone platform. We passed under the red stone gateway and entered the courtyard of the mosque—all white marble—the pavement, the mosque, and the arcades quite dazzling in the bright sunshine. This beautiful mosque has three domes, capped with gilded spires; there are also seven smaller domes on columns. The three great domes surmount a corridor open to the court, and are divided into aisles by rows of the most beautifully proportioned Saracenic arches. The side aisles are for the women, the middle part for the men, the space for each person being marked off by a line of black marble inlaid in the white.

Ukbur's Palace is of red sandstone with ornamental designs in white marble. The

Dewan-i-Am has a raised part for the throne, which is of white marble inlaid with precious stones. Here the king gave audience.

There are quite a series of splendid palaces inside the Fort, rich with carving and inlaid work. The pavilions in white marble exquisitely inlaid with *pietre dure*, representing bouquets of flowers, overhang the river Jumna, and are specially fine. One of these, the boudoir of the chief Sultana, is a wondrous specimen of carved and inlaid work. Also a lovely small private royal mosque. The glories of the Alhambra, which we visited some years since, pale before these rich Indian buildings. The view from them is also lovely, including the Taj.

The Sheesh Mahal is an Oriental bathing retreat. The walls of the rooms are covered with a mosaic of different-coloured bits of looking-glass, laid in the most intricate patterns.

We saw also some curious old carved wooden gates called those of Somnath.

From the Delhi gate is a good view of the great Jumna Musjid—a perfect specimen of Saracenic architecture in red and white stone. It has the usual three domes. The natives drive about Agra in eckas drawn often by bullocks. Some of these quaint carriages are much decorated and painted with gay colours.

In the Fort we saw great preparations going on for the ball to be given to the Prince of Wales in the Dewan-i-Am. The work everywhere increases the dust — the air is thick with it.

January 10*th*.—We left Agra. The train was so crowded that though we had first-class tickets, as usual, we, with others (equally taken in), had to travel second-class all day. However, we had very agreeable companions, Colonel and Miss Carter amongst them.

The country flat. We saw quantities of black buck and peacocks wild.

CHAPTER V.

DELHI.—ARRIVAL OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES. —GRAND MILITARY PROCESSION.—JAMA MUSJID. — CHANDNEE CHOWK. — MARCH-PAST OF THE ARMY. — BALL IN THE OLD PALACE. — KOOTUB MINAR. — MARRIAGE PROCESSION. — WORK OF ENGLISH CHURCH MISSION.

WE reached Delhi at night and drove to the Prince of Wales' Hotel, where rooms had been engaged for us long ago. The bed-room very large, with hardly any furniture; the bath-room built outside, of straw. Cold night.

Next morning we were up early, and soon after 8 o'clock arrived at the Flag-staff Tower on the Ridge, where, owing to the kindness of

Mrs. Lumsden, we found chairs ready for us on the roof; and there we awaited the arrival of the Prince of Wales. At last he came, with a very numerous, most brilliant staff, and a splendid military procession, about 10 o'clock. The sides of the road all the way to the station were thickly lined with soldiers. As the Prince and Staff passed on, each regiment closed in and marched after, so the great procession was constantly growing in length. Lord Napier of Magdala, the Commander-in-Chief, was in an open carriage, having lately broken his collar-bone; the Prince of Wales was on horseback, in full uniform; also the Duke of Sutherland, &c. They all passed close under the tower. We could see in all directions, and truly this great *entrée* of our Prince into Delhi was a magnificent pageant—no less than eighteen thousand troops! their various uniforms adding much to the scene.

The wind bitterly cold this morning, so dry and hard.

We drove to head-quarters and called on General and Mrs. Lumsden, who gave us breakfast. They are in tents, their salon most comfortable, with a fire.

This afternoon we saw the beautiful Jama Musjid, the Mosque of Shah Jehan. It stands on a high platform, to which we ascended by many steps of fine width. At the top of this great flight is a handsome gateway of red sandstone, which leads into a grand quadrangle in the middle of which is a marble reservoir of water for the Faithful to bathe—all the pavement white marble. There are two other entrances. On the west of the square stands the mosque, crowned by three cupolas of white marble ribbed with black. The interior is paved with white marble slabs, each framed in black, like the Pearl Mosque at Agra. The two minarets of white marble and red sandstone are very high, and there are a good many lovely pavilions of white marble on the roof of the mosque. We ascended one of the minarets

and had a capital view of Delhi and the country. We met the Duke of Sutherland strolling about the Jama Musjid. He evidently appreciates the sight-seeing, and is anxious to see the Taj by moonlight.

Andrew and I repaired to the bazaars. The Chandnee Chowk, the best one, is very amusing. The houses have shops on the ground floor and above, but no display of goods outside; they are now decorated with flags. Framed prints hung outside, and glass chandeliers.

January 12th.—A grand day at Delhi. We were up soon after 6 o'clock, and drove some miles out of town to a great plain, where we saw the march-past of the army before the Prince of Wales—a splendid and curious sight—and we had the best place, as Mrs. Lumsden sent for us to go into her carriage, which was close to the Prince. He was on a fine brown charger, and looked splendid in his Field Marshal's uniform with orders and the blue ribbon of the Star of India, the Duke of Sutherland and a

very large staff with him, including Lord Napier with his arm in a sling—too soon for him to be on horseback after his accident. However he was determined to run the risk. Some twenty thousand six hundred soldiers marched past — cavalry, infantry, artillery, English regiments, amongst them the 10th and 11th Hussars, also Sikhs, Ghoorkas, Punjaubees, Central India men, Bengalees, Probyn's Horse, our kind friend Colonel Palliser's regiment, 10th Bengal Lancers, &c., quantities of cannon, each drawn by six horses. The mountain battery of mules with light cannon on their backs, and the ammunition carts, drawn by bullocks, were interesting, but still more so was the sight of the heavy battery of Armstrongs drawn by huge elephants harnessed tandem fashion. As these clever animals passed the Prince they saluted him by turning up their trunks. There were many military bands, each regiment had its own, playing either an English or a Native

march, as the case might be. The great variety of uniforms was most interesting; also it was very curious to see the different natives, all shades of colours. After the march-past the horse artillery and cavalry trotted by, then galloped—truly a magnificent spectacle. I have not mentioned the fact that the Maharajah Scindia and a young Rajah were on horseback with our Prince. There were crowds of carriages filled with spectators, English and Native, and in the background a line of elephants with people in howdas. A gazelle, led by two boys, marched before one English regiment.

The drive back to Delhi we found trying, from the clouds of dust, but it was wonderful to see the different kinds of conveyances—carriages, ticker-gharees, bullock-eckas, gaily decorated and full of natives in bright colours. Then there were camels and elephants carrying people—some of the latter huge beasts with grand howdas. Lady Davis's carriage was

drawn by four camels, each ridden by a native. There were many very miserable horses and ponies toiling with difficulty along the heavy sand—now and then a carriage stuck fast. I felt so sorry for the poor animals. We hired a carriage and pair of horses before arriving at Delhi. We find them much fatigued ponies. Very cold wind.

We had an invitation for luncheon to-day with General and Mrs. Watson, but unfortunately received it too late.

At night we went to a splendid ball given by Lord Napier and the Officers of the Army at Delhi, in the Dewan-i-Khas in the Fort. A beautiful hall, having thirty-two square columns of white marble, inlaid below with bright *pietre dure* in floral designs, the upper part and ceiling being carved in *basso relievo* (flowers again) and gilt; rich, thick Indian carpets on the inlaid marble floor; brocaded satin curtains to the doors (called purdas); the whole brilliantly lighted by glass chande-

liers hanging from the ceiling. At each end of this hall was a fountain of white marble with ferns in the basin; the water playing lightly over them. Temporary ball-rooms had been arranged each side of the Dewan-i-Khas with capital boarded floors—an excellent band in each *salle de danse.* From these we went into other suites of white marble rooms inlaid with bright real stones, some devoted to the bath—they used to be the ladies' apartments. The windows were of white perforated marble cut out in lovely lace-like patterns. Altogether it was a realisation of an Arabian Night's Entertainment, with the exception that the company were Europeans, but the uniforms and gay toilettes were very effective.

The Prince of Wales caught his spur in a lady's dress when dancing, and fell flat on his back, much to his own amusement. I did not see this, but Andrew heard of it.

The supper was a "sit-down one," and no doubt good for those who first attacked it.

The Prince and people in authority sat at a table on a raised platform. The Prince took in Mrs. Hatch, the judge's wife. The general company were at numerous other tables, arranged as at a restaurant. The road to the ball was brilliantly illuminated, as was also the great gateway of the Fort, and it was decorated with piles of armour. No expense was spared; everything was done to make the ball most brilliant, and so it was.

Next day we spent some time in the Chandnee Chowk, the great bazaar for jewellery and embroidery, both lovely. We invested in a good deal.

At night we drove about to see the native illuminations. The Jama Musjid looked beautiful, also the Chandnee Chowk. Myriads of small red earthen saucers filled with oil, and a wick in them, placed close together in lines or patterns, make a great effect when lighted. There were also Chinese lanterns; two great decorated arches, in one a number of people dressed up as knights.

Delhi is a terribly dusty place.

We called on Mrs. Probyn in the civil camp.

The Cashmere Gate retains marks of the fighting during the Mutiny.

We saw the monument to General Nicholson who was a very brave soldier and fell in the attack on Delhi, September 1857. The Ridge is a rocky, rather elevated part, outside the town. On it is a Gothic tower built in honour of the gallant captors of Delhi. We ascended the winding stair to the top, from whence we had a fine view of Delhi and the country; in the distance we saw the smoke of the great sham fight going on to-day.

We visited the Fort and examined the exquisite buildings in it better than we could at the ball. In the Dewan-i-Khas we saw the marble dais on which the celebrated Peacock Throne stood. The Rung Muhul is now used as a mess-room. The Dewan-i-Am is a large hall open on three sides, the roof supported by red sandstone pillars. The raised throne has

a canopy over it. The wall at the back of it is inlaid in mosaic representing birds and flowers. Here the king used to give audience.

We dined at head-quarters with General and Mrs. Lumsden in a most comfortable tent, with a fire in the grate, this acceptable.

We made a great excursion to the Kootub, eleven miles there, changing horses *en route.* The road is quite an Appian way—so many tombs and mosques on each side. The mausoleum to Suftur Jung is large and handsome.

The Kootub Minar is a great tower, two hundred and thirty-eight feet high—much larger at the base than at the top. It is divided into five stories. The carvings on these and on the balconies all vary. The lower stories are sandstone, the upper ones marble. We went to the top of the Kootub, from whence we had a very extensive view, including Toghlukabad.

Near the Kootub is a beautiful gateway covered with exquisite carving.

The ruined mosque is grand. The pillars round the quadrangle are very elaborately carved; there are five rows of them—grand arches on the west side of the mosque. These ruins are Jain architecture. Nothing can surpass the endless variety of the sculptures on the pillars or the sharpness of the execution.

In the quadrangle stands an iron column supposed to be the most ancient relic of the departed Hindoo city.

As we returned to Delhi we made a *détour* to see Homayoon's great Tomb. It is the first known example of the style of sepulchre now so famous in the Taj of Agra, and is built of stone and marble. We also visited many other mausoleums of white marble exquisitely carved and decorated.

In the Chandnee Chowk at Delhi we saw a wedding procession, in which there were many horses gaily caparisoned, some led, others ridden by children—very curious carriages, too. The bride and bridegroom were both on

ARCH OF RUINED MOSQUE, AND IRON PILLAR, NEAR DELHI.

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horseback, some distance from each other. The bride was closely veiled and looked like a bundle of clothes sitting astride the horse, which had a man walking on each side of it. At intervals in the procession were native musicians making a great noise with tom-toms and fifes.

On Sunday we went twice to the English Church. At the evening service Canon Duckworth preached admirably. He has a fine voice—such a pleasure to hear him!

The next day Andrew went on an elephant with Major Ross to watch some military games. I accompanied Miss Bland of the English Church Mission, to see their girls' schools for native Mahometans and Hindoos. They were in separate rooms. I heard them read. They work, and are taught to read an arrangement of the Bible in their own language, but are not forced to become Christians. They have Christian native teachers. One of the Hindoo teachers was of a high-caste family, and very

good-looking. The school-rooms were the usual mud hovels.

We drove on into the very extra native part of the city and paid a visit to some "purda," Mahometan women, always shut up, excepting on great occasions like a wedding. They did not expect company, and looked very untidy. They were in a mud house. The old grandmother sat on one bed combing her grey hair; a servant's baby lay on another. The Mahometan women live on the ground floor, Hindoo women upstairs.

We next visited a family of high-caste Hindoo women. Miss Bland said she had spoken to them about worshipping idols, their answer being "Oh, but you do not know what a beautiful god ours is!" In this house we were not allowed to go near the cooking part of the room, as we should have defiled it.

After leaving, we fell in with the clergyman of our church at Delhi and Canon Duckworth. With them we saw a very handsome Jain

temple containing the white marble idol so much admired by Miss Bland's Hindoo friend. The carving in marble and stone very rich in this temple. Before the chief idol is a table on which the worshippers place offerings of flowers and other things. In a side room are numbers of idols in rows, and in an outer court a car with two marble elephants to take the idol out in processions. We were told there were no regular priests. Miss Bland afterwards kindly helped me to buy things in the Chandnee Chowk. We also walked about some of the queer narrow streets of the city.

We left Delhi this evening soon after 5 o'clock for the north.

CHAPTER VI.

MEEAN MEER.—LAHORE.—UMRITZUR.—SIRDHANA.
—AGRA AGAIN.

January 18*th.* — We arrived this morning early at Meean Meer Station, near Lahore, and found a guree waiting to take us to Colonel Martin's, also a bullock-cart for the luggage. We drove three miles to the bungalow, where Mrs. Martin gave us a hearty welcome.

Colonel Martin was attending our Prince's levée at Lahore. He soon returned, and after tiffin drove us to the beautiful Shalimar Gardens, near Lahore, so celebrated by Moore in "Lalla Rookh." We walked about them and

were delighted with the fine trees, fountains, and white marble retreats to sit in.

At night we all went to the great ball given by Europeans to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales at Lahore, in a fine room admirably decorated, situated in the European part called Anakulle. Everything was well carried out.

Next day we all attended the opening of the Industrial Soldiers' Exhibition at Meean Meer. Our Prince and suite, with Sir Henry Davis, Lieutenant-Governor, were there. The Prince declared the Exhibition opened. There were numberless nice things made by the soldiers. We invested in feathers, a small stuffed cobra capella, and other things.

After dinner we drove to the Shalimar Gardens, Lahore, and attended a fête given to the Prince of Wales by Sir Henry and Lady Davis. It was tedious work getting to the entrance, the road being blocked with carriages, Native Rajahs, and Nawabs with mounted

escorts, camels, &c.—a great confusion, but a curious sight.

The gardens and fountains were brilliantly illuminated by innumerable small lights in earthen saucers on the ground, making lines of fire; the reflection in the water was very pretty. All the fountains played.

The gardens are laid out in a formal style, divided by long strips of water having a row of jets down the centre. At the royal entrance were quantities of bright Chinese lanterns hung about.

We saw the royal party arrive in state, the Prince with Lady Davis. They went into a marble kiosk in the most lovely part of the gardens, and here many native chiefs were presented to the Prince. They were resplendent with jewels—one was quite a boy.

The night was lovely, but extremely cold. There were no seats, and we were much tired. Many ladies fainted; one had a fit.

We had long to wait for our carriage, on

account of the crowd, and did not reach Meean Meer till past 3 o'clock next morning.

However, after a good rest, we drove to Lahore, six miles, and saw the fine Fort. There is a very curious collection of old arms in the Armoury—a splendid old palace in the Fort. One large room is called the Shis-mahal; it is open on one side to out-of-doors. The walls and ceiling are covered with large and small pieces of different-coloured looking-glass set in some silvery-coloured metal—very antique and beautiful. There are also other smaller rooms decorated in the same way.

From the top of the Fort we had a good view of the city of Lahore—the mosque; temples; a large encampment of Rajahs with grand tents, those belonging to the Nawab of Bhowulpur being of crimson silk; there were quantities of horses, elephants, and camels about, and soldiers keeping guard. In the distance we saw the splendid range of the

snowy Himalayas with their peaks in Cashmere.

After the Fort we visited the red sandstone mosque, and a beautiful white marble tomb to Runjeet Singh, in a lovely garden, with a palm tree standing near; also another white marble tomb much decorated and painted with curious native scenes. There were some priests in this; one man was playing a stringed instrument and singing wild music for the repose of the soul of the interred one.

We ended with the Zoological Gardens.

January 21*st.*—Andrew and Colonel Martin set off on a shooting expedition—Mrs. Martin and I drove to a garden party at Government House given by Lady Davis. She was very kind. There were a good many people playing badminton, amongst them the Nawab of Bhowalpur in white satin with green satin trousers. The entertainment ended with dancing in the house. The Prince of Wales had left on a

RUNJEET SINGH'S TOMB AND FORT, LAHORE.

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visit to Jumoo to the Maharajah of Cashmere.

Colonel Martin and Andrew returned next day with pea-fowl, quail, black partridge, &c.

At night we all drove to Lahore to see the illuminations and fireworks, of which we had a capital view from the top of the cutcherry. The great mosque and many other large buildings were lined out in fire, also all the streets. The college where the Prince dined was a blaze of light; there was a huge bonfire, round which Afghan men performed a sword-dance. There was not very much to be seen, on account of the smoke, but the swords shining as they were brandished about looked wild and weird. The fireworks were very grand, and included innumerable fire-balloons. These over, we were entertained with an excellent supper given by the natives.

On Sunday we went twice to Meean Meer Church, which is large and handsome. The service, mostly choral, was well performed.

January 24th.—Andrew and I went by train to Umritzur; the Prince of Wales and suite, with Sir Henry and Lady Davis, arrived there soon after. They drove from the station in many carriages, with an escort (the roads lined by soldiers) to the Town Hall.

We breakfasted at one of the hotels; then drove to the city gates, left our carriage, and walked along the very narrow streets. They were smart and clean, extensively decorated in native style with gold and silver tinsel, bright colours. Cashmere shawls hung on the walls of the houses, and stretched across the streets, forming awnings here and there. The gutter on each side was covered with wood and strewn with flowers. In one bazaar there were high things made of gold tinsel to imitate trees. In fact, everything had been done to make Umritzur as festal as possible for the Prince. Crowds of natives were walking about.

At last we arrived near the celebrated

Golden Temple. Having had our boots changed for slippers, we crossed the tank called the Fountain of Immortality by a low bridge. The temple stands on a small island in the tank. The Chief Guru of the Sikh religion with a great number of priests live in it. The dome and top part of the temple are overlaid with gold; the lower part is of white marble richly inlaid with *pietre dure* in various patterns—flowers, animals, &c. It is decorated in the same way inside. The most sacred writings of the Sikh religion are under a splendid canopy, and the high priest sat close by, slowly moving a chowree to and fro. Numbers of attendant priests were around. The usual wild music with tum-tums, stringed instruments, and nasal chaunt was going on in the temple. Andrew threw a rupee on the splendid carpet as an offering, and in return the priests presented us with sweet biscuits. As the natives entered the temple they bowed to the very ground. There were numbers of

them about. They did not appear best pleased to see us. They looked very wild and fanatical. We had a policeman with us besides our guide, and there were also some other Europeans.

We ascended to the top of the temple. There is a handsome modern clock-tower near the tank, but it does not harmonise with its near neighbour. We tried to buy some Rhampore Chudda shawls, but the merchants were all out enjoying the general holiday.

We returned to our gharee outside the city, and drove about the fine Rambagh Gardens, gay with beds of flowers in full bloom, the trees handsome.

At night we drove into the city to see the illuminations—the whole place a blaze of light. The Golden Temple was, of course, the chief attraction. We had tickets for the top of a house, from whence the Prince of Wales, Sir Henry and Lady Davis, and party viewed the brilliant spectacle. The Prince had a slightly raised platform, but did not remain on it the

whole time. The temple was covered with glass illuminations of all colours, that glittered like jewels. Millions of twinkling lights shone round the tank and followed the lines of architecture in the towers and houses around. Coloured lights were reflected in the water. A floating garden and huge representations of fish full of fire moved in the tank. Quantities of fire-balloons went up—some in shapes of people and animals. There were blue lights, red lights, and yellow lights. The fireworks were good.

The Prince and suite left for Agra; then Lady Davis invited me to sit by her on the dais—she was very kind. We stayed long, enjoying the lovely sight.

At last there was some difficulty about our garee being allowed to go through the streets, but Sir Henry and Lady Davis ordered that it should go in the procession next to their own carriage, to protect us. The station and roads were all illuminated.

We returned by train to Meean Meer.

Next day we all went to the Lahore races, given on a sandy plain at Anarkullee. The grand stand was formed of a pyramid of earth with a rail round the top—some chairs on it. Mrs. Martin and I saw most of the races from her carriage. The dust was truly frantic, blown about by a high wind. Refreshments were given by the Colonel of a regiment encamped near. There were many natives on the race-course. The Nawab of Bhowalpore ran some horses.

January 26th.—Andrew and I accompanied Colonel Martin to Anarkullee. We visited the Museum there, and were much delighted with the curious specimens of native jewellery, costumes, embroidery, stuffed birds, snakes, and cases of wonderful butterflies; some of them were enormous.

After this, we all three mounted an elephant and rode about the very picturesque old city of Lahore. In some parts the street was so

narrow that there was barely room for the elephant to walk along. One poor bullock, with a great load of bricks on his back, was so frightened at our approach that he fell, and the bricks showered off his back. I feared a leg would be broken, but to my comfort he got up and walked away.

We bought many things in the bazaars; they were handed up to us on the elephant.

The houses are painted many colours; very gay they look. They have balconies, pent-houses with latticed windows of carved wood. We on the elephant were often on a line with the second story of the houses.

We passed a very large mosque in the city. Having seen all we wished inside, we went out-side, and rode by the encampment of native chiefs. The elephant carried us well, though he was rather nervous, and shied sometimes. Horses and elephants have a great dislike to each other.

We all made an expedition to the jails at

Lahore; there are two thousand men in two, and two hundred women in a third. The men are in two great central jails. There is a tower in the middle of each, from whence all the prisoners can be seen. We went up one of these towers and saw the men in their yards, some of them very evil-looking; also visited that part where the prisoners were employed making the most splendid carpets, of thick pile; and durries, a kind of drugget. Their dormitories have raised beds of hard earth or stone, on which they have some bedding. The solitary cells are nearly dark. One punishment is to work a wheel. We were shown the rods with which the refractory are flogged, and the wooden thing to which they are fastened for the performance.

We went a second day to the Lahore races, and found better management.

January 28th.—We left our kind friends, Colonel and Mrs. Stewart, and spent the day at Umritzur, where we bought a good many

Rhampoor Chuddar shawls, had a fine view of the Himalayas from the top of the hotel—a grand range of peaks covered with snow—and left soon after 8 P.M. for Meerut, where we arrived by mail train about 10 o'clock next morning.

We found Mr. Billings' carriage waiting for us, also a ticker garee for our luggage. We were driven to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Billings, where we were most kindly received by them.

After baths and breakfast, Andrew went out after black buck, and I was taken driving by Mr. and Mrs. Billings to the jails for men and women, then to the city, and cantonments.

Meerut is a very pretty station, with many good houses and trees.

I saw the manner of collecting ice. Millions of earthen saucers are filled with water and placed on straw. The water freezes in the night. The ice is collected next morning, put into a pit lined with straw matting, and

pounded into a solid mass; then kept for use during the summer. This is done everywhere that frost occurs in India.

On Sunday we went twice to church. The evening service we attended was that of the Mission. Converted natives formed the choir; one played the harmonium. The service was in English, as it is once a month; the clergyman a German—very interesting.

We were shown the house where Mr. and Mrs. Billings with many others took refuge during the Mutiny.

January 31*st.*—We all set off early, driving to Sirdhana, the property of the late Begum, but now belonging to Lady Forester from her marriage with Mr. Dyce Sombré. Andrew shot a wild goose *en route.* We saw a numberless flock of them on one piece of water. The country was flat, but there was a pretty bit by the side of a canal with wooded banks just before we reached Sirdhana.

We saw a number of curious carts and car-

riages belonging to a bridal party, going for the bride. The procession had halted for rest.

Arrived at the lodge at Sirdhana, we found a guard of soldiers, and at the Palace many dependants spread out in a line to receive us, making great salaams,—presenting flowers and fruit.

The Palace is very large, of white stone, with a grand flight of steps in front. The reception-rooms are handsome. Many portraits on the walls,—of the little Begum, her first communion after conversion to the Romish faith; Mr. Dyce Sombré, her adopted son; several of the Begum's generals; and her special priest. She had four husbands, but no child. Her bath-rooms were pretty—the walls of modelled plaister painted in various colours, much looking-glass on the walls, the floors white marble. There were three small rooms—one for the hot bath, two others for cooling, with recesses for lying down.

The gardens are extensive and full of divers fruit-trees.

We had *déjeuner à la fourchette;* also tea before we left.

We drove on to the Roman Catholic College, where we saw many converted native boys. Father Mary Angelo, a most jovial old priest, and a younger brother, showed us the College and the various trades they teach the native men and boys—weaving, making carriages, and maccaroni, book-binding, &c. They have a blacksmith's shop. The boys were proud to show their writing on slates. Some sang to us a chaunt, also "*Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre,*" the old priest shaking with laughter.

We went on to the Romish Cathedral built by the Begum, and saw the grand marble monument to her, she sitting at the top in her dancing-girl costume. She must have been plain, with a large nose, and very masculine-looking. There were many other full-sized statues, Mr. Dyce Sombré being one.

There were also bas-reliefs of the Begum's great doings—she, on an elephant, going to battle, &c. The church plate very handsome.

The beautiful monument in the Cathedral at Sirdhana was executed by Tadolini, at Rome, and was erected to the memory of Her Highness the Begum Sombré by Mr. Dyce Sombré, who, by his own desire, was buried at the foot.

In the Christian cemetery at Sirdhana are tombs to many of the Begum's European officers, some of whom lived to a great age, one attaining to one hundred and eight years.

Her Highness the Begum had also fine palaces at Meerut and Delhi, but they were destroyed at the time of the Mutiny. While these horrors were going on, the natives in the employ of Mr. Dyce Sombré, at Sirdhana, swore they would die in the ruins sooner than yield the Palace. They had no European to guard them. They took the papers they supposed to be of value, and had them deposited in the cantonment at Meerut. They asked for a

detachment of troops to defend the Palace and Cathedral; this was allowed, and for several months they kept the robber chief Lall Mull, and his followers, at bay, remaining up night and day, firing small cannon to show they were on the alert. At length they made a sortie, and killed Lall Mull and many of his followers, who had pillaged and destroyed much property in the town of Sirdhana. But the Palace and Cathedral remained intact, and, to the credit of the poor natives who defended them, not a rupee was missing from the treasury. For their loyalty, when the Government issued the order for disarmament, they were permitted to retain their arms; and, also, Mrs. Dyce Sombré, now Lady Forester, gave them all a year's pay. She says, "After this, who shall say that the native is insensible to kindness and justice?"

Lady Forester is about building a hospital for the sick at Sirdhana and in the neighbourhood. She maintains the Palace and property,

out of respect to Her Highness the Begum and Mr. Dyce Sombré. All is in beautiful order.

The jovial old monk took us into the adjoining convent, where we saw two French nuns and one English, and some lay sisters, with a good many native girls in their school.

Extremely hot.

We drove back to Meerut in the evening.

Next morning a good many horses were brought for Mr. Billings to look at, attended by wild-looking men, with long black hair, from Kaubul. One of them had a splendid white cat with very thick hair of great length. These horse-dealers often have Persian cats for sale.

Mrs. Billings took me to call on the widow of Major Skinner (of Skinner's Horse), a fine old Cashmere lady. She must have been very handsome. She gave us sweetmeats, and pan, which consists of cardamums and many spicy things wrapped up in a green betel-leaf. Her

grandson interpreted, as she did not speak English.

Mrs. Billings had a badminton this evening. This game seems the favourite one in India.

Rather cloudy ; a little rain for a few minutes.

We left by mail train at night for Agra, where we arrived the following morning early, and established ourselves once more at Harrison's Hotel.

We called on Lord Suffield at the Prince's camp. He kindly promised to arrange with Mr. Lyall that we should be of the Prince's party at Jeypore.

The Prince of Wales has a splendid encampment at Agra—quite a village of tents. The native Rajahs have encampments outside. We visited the Fort again with its beautiful palaces. Saw how the Dewan-i-Am had been converted into a ball-room, and the Dewan-i-Khas into a supper-room, at the grand ball given to our Prince. We were invited to it,

but did not arrive in time, having other things to do.

We crossed the river by the bridge of boats, and saw the beautiful tomb of Itmad-vod-Dowlah. It stands in a lovely garden adorned with cypress-shrubs and flowers. The tomb is built of white marble, inlaid outside with coloured stones in arabesques and flowers. There are kiosques at the four corners, and in the middle a pavilion of daintily pierced work, covered with an oblong dome which is capped by two pinnacles. The lower hall contains the tombs of the Prince Itmad and his wife. There are also cenotaphs in the pavilion at the top, to which we ascended, and saw the fine pierced marble screens.

We visited the jail at Agra, which is a very large one. Dr. Tyler, the Governor, showed us round. The prisoners were making carpets, cloth, and carding wool by machinery—the wheel, of four-horse power, being worked by forty-eight men going round and round in

rows, looking like the spokes of a wheel. Dr. Tyler showed us a Thug, one of those wretches who strangled people wholesale. He had been there more than thirty years. There were numbers of prisoners for life. In the boys' department were some confined for murder, one of these being quite a small urchin.

We drove on to Secundra, where we saw the magnificent tomb of the Emperor Ukbur. Under a fine gateway we passed into a garden, at the end of which is a five-storied building, the highest one being of white marble, with exquisite pierced marble screens around, each a different design. This part is crowned by four small kiosques. The cenotaph, in the centre of this top story, is covered with railed characters; ninety-nine titles of the Creator are said to be inscribed on it. The top of the mausoleum is open to the sky; there is a fine view from it of the country—Agra, the White Taj Mahal, Fort, river Jumna, &c. The Emperor lies in a vault below the floor of the

building. The four lower stories are of red sandstone. All these great mausoleums have four gateways and approaches.

Having heard from Mr. Lyall that we were included in the Prince's Jeypore party, and that all would be ready for our reception there, we left, soon after 9 o'clock at night, in the special train. Mr. O'Callaghan kindly furnished us with a reserved carriage, so we were comfortable.

CHAPTER VII.

JEYPORE. — ARRIVAL OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES. — PIG-STICKING. — ILLUMINATIONS. — GREAT DINNER AT THE PALACE. — DURBAR. — NAUTCHES. — LUNCHEON AT AMBAIR. — MOHARUM.—PALACE AT JEYPORE.—TIGERS.—BHURTPORE.—DEEG.—FUTTEHPORE SIKRI.

February 4th.—We arrived at Jeypore about 9 o'clock this morning, and at the station found one of the Maharajah's carriages, with a pair of horses, waiting for us, and a bullock-cart for the luggage. We were driven by our black coachman to the Residency, a lovely building, once the Queen's Dower Palace—now occupied

by Colonel Beynon, the Political Agent, and all ready for the Prince of Wales and his suite. We saw the rooms—everything new and handsome—all paid for by the Maharajah of Jeypore; in fact, he entirely entertains the Prince and the guests, ourselves included.

The gardens at the Residency are lovely, well laid out, the trees and flowers charming. The gateway is very handsome.

We had tiffin at the Residency; then took possession of two excellent new tents, well furnished in every way. Mr. and Mrs. Lyall have tents opposite. Mr., Mrs., and pretty Miss Edwards, of Agra, with a good many other ladies and gentlemen, are amongst the guests—some are in tents near the Residency.

This afternoon we all drove into the city of Jeypore, and sat on the top of a house in one of the principal squares, to see the *entrée* of the Prince of Wales. It was about two miles from our tents to the city. The road was lined on each side by picturesque-looking

soldiers, dressed in different colours, having all kinds of rifles and guns, some long, others short. There were cavalry and infantry. The streets also were lined by soldiers, some of them most grotesque — a motley crew. Crowds of natives about, and at the lattices, dressed in the most brilliant and varied colours, much more Oriental than anything we have seen.

Jeypore is a native state, and unless we had been invited to join the Prince's party we could not have been here, as we should have found no accommodation in any way. The present city of Jeypore is new; the streets are wide; the houses handsome, two stories high, the upper stories having pierced stone or plaister windows, so that the women should not be seen. The houses are painted pink, picked out with white, and have a confectionery look. The upper stories have balconies and pent-houses. There was a temple near the house where we sat; the steps up to it

were crowded by natives in brilliant colours, looking like an autumn garden. Natives on the house-tops and in every available place—a wonderful sight. In no other town have we seen such brilliant colouring.

We waited long, but not wearily, for there was always something fresh to see—camels, cavalry, and some amusing performances by men of the wild tribe called Nagas. They went through various warlike games, two at once, with swords and shields, or without the latter. It was most amusing to see them skip round each other, jumping high into the air. They were very light and active, profoundly dark men. Their costume consisted of a cloth round the loins, feathers and ornaments on their heads. Sometimes one Naga whisked a sword about in all directions, going through a pantomime of attacking and killing his enemy.

In no city have we seen such a gaily dressed crowd as in Jeypore—such wonderful colours, and so varied.

Day was declining when the Prince came; the magnificent procession lost something for lack of bright sunshine. However, perhaps it gained more in another way, as it was lighted up by a double row of torches flaming on each side, and so presented a most splendid pageant. There were a great many elephants gorgeously caparisoned; the one ridden by the Prince of Wales and Maharajah of Jeypore was a grand beast, the howdah and trappings of gold. The Prince's suite were also on elephants, each accompanied by a native grandee in brilliant attire. In the procession were camels, artillery guns drawn by oxen, and soldiers on horseback. Before the Prince, Nagas performed their sword-tricks, danced and pranced about. They looked weird and wild. A brilliant light from a tower added much to the general effect.

We arrived at the Residency in time to see the Prince, accompanied by the Maharajah, drive into the prettily illuminated gardens.

The carriage, an open one, was lined with satin and gold; the head (thrown back) being covered with purple velvet embroidered with gold. A Rajah (whose name I forget) followed in a most quaint native carriage; it was very long, and was drawn by six white horses.

We guests all dined in a large tent (Shemiana); the Prince at the Residency, in private, with his suite.

Next morning we went, a party in carriages, about four miles into the country. Then we mounted elephants, and rode into the jungle to see pig-sticking by the Prince's suite. He himself had gone after a tiger. We saw the hunters galloping full tear after a fat wild boar, stabbing him with long spears. Poor beast! he ran slower and slower, till at last he lay down and resigned his life. I was so sorry for him —he was too fat for such violent exercise. The Maharajah had been feeding the wild pigs for some time, so as to have plenty of sport for the Royal party. We saw many more—

some tiny, one huge—but I am glad to say we came in for no more deaths, though many took place.

We lunched in a building near the jungle, with Lord Suffield, General Probyn, and party. The sun extremely hot.

At night we were driven (full dress), in an open carriage, through the city of Jeypore to see the illuminations. They were splendid—the temples, houses, streets, triumphal arches, being all lighted up; also the Fort; and on the Rock, "Welcome here," in fiery letters said to be fifty feet high. At last we turned into the yard of the Maharajah's Palace, the arches being illuminated in various colours, our Royal Arms placed conspicuously. The Palace, an immense building, was a blaze of light inside and out. Our carriage, coachman, &c., belonged to His Highness, and I was thankful to find myself safe inside the Palace, for the driving was most reckless.

Andrew and I entered the Palace, and walked

through several grand rooms till we arrived in a very splendid large hall brilliantly lighted, a guard of picturesque soldiers there. At the upper end of this hall was a raised dais; on it two grand chairs with a rich canopy over them. On either side of this were rows of chairs, occupied by Rajahs gorgeous in jewels and bright colours. We passed through this hall, and joined the rest of our European party upstairs in a kind of balcony, from whence we looked down and saw all that took place.

About 8 o'clock the Prince of Wales drove into this durbar hall; then he and the Maharajah of Jeypore walked up the avenue of brilliantly dressed chiefs, and took their places on the chairs of state. The Prince sat on the right of His Highness, and the suite occupied chairs on the right of our Prince. Some of the chiefs were presented to him. Each made salaam, and placed his hand on that of the Prince.

Afterwards a grand nautch took place, with

the usual native music. There were a number of dancing-girls splendidly dressed in bright colours. They wore a mass of ornaments, very full long petticoats, and scarves over their heads. They danced a good deal, turning round and moving their arms about. One, very fat, in a striped dress of many colours, was most active, turning round one way very energetically, then whisking back the other.

The banquet took place in another grand hall. The Prince took in Mrs. Lyall. Canon Duckworth was my cavalier; he gave me the native necklace of flowers presented to him as a mark of distinction before dinner. The Prince and all his suite had these necklaces.

The Maharajah joined the party at dessert. He sat by the Prince, and proposed the healths of the Queen and Prince. His Royal Highness returned thanks, gave the health of the Maharajah, and said how pleased he was to have killed his first tiger that day.

The dinner was quite European, and coffee

was served in the drawing-room, where we repaired in due course, passing on our way through lovely rooms paved with marble, the floors partly covered with handsome old Persian carpets. Some of these rooms being open to the Palace gardens, we could see the illuminations there.

The drawing-room was furnished in European style; on one table were large books, given to the Maharajah, at Calcutta, by our Prince, and written in by him. This room adjoined an open court. Soon the dancing-girls came there, and performed more than before, twisting about all together, their anklets and toe-rings making a great jingle. This nautch was specially picturesque, as it took place by torchlight.

The next entertainment consisted in a native playing wild music on basins of various sizes, filled more or less with water. He was accompanied by tum-tums and stringed instruments.

All the rooms, with the exception of one, were truly Oriental, and the whole Palace was a blaze of light.

The Maharajah was outside when we left, seeing his guests off. He shook hands with us. He is a most enlightened prince, and does wonders for his dominion and people.

On Sunday we went to divine service in a room. Canon Duckworth preached admirably.

We met the Prince at a grand luncheon in the old Palace at Ambair, the ancient capital of Jeypore. We drove in carriages to the foot of a long hill; there we found elephants and jhampans waiting to take up the party to Ambair. Andrew mounted an elephant with another gentleman. I went in a jhampan, a kind of open sedan chair with a capote, carried by four men. They jogged along at a great pace, and soon left the elephant behind. They ultimately landed me in the grand courtyard, where I got out and walked into the Palace, where some of our friends had arrived.

Andrew appeared some time after, having seen something of the ruined town.

We, with Mr. O'Callaghan, proceeded to look over the Palace. The Durbar Hall is magnificent. The pillars, of finely executed Jain stone carving, are, unfortunately, covered with plaister. This was done to deceive a King of Delhi, who, on hearing this Durbar Hall was more beautiful than his own, determined to destroy it. However, finding the plain-looking pillars, he left it in peace, and so it remains, with the exception of a portion of one column where the plaister has been picked off to show the fine carving underneath. This hall is open on three sides. The view from it is most beautiful—of the old town of Ambair, with its temples, surrounded by hills of picturesque forms crowned with fortifications.

The rooms in one portion of the Palace have the walls and ceilings covered with bits of looking-glass, of different bright colours, arranged in various patterns. On the marble

floors are beautiful old Persian carpets. One room in this Sheesh Mahal was arranged for the Prince of Wales to wash—scent and pomade on the dressing-table.

We next went into the zenana part of the Palace. I pity the ladies who were shut up in those numberless small rooms and high-walled passages.

We returned to the grand Dewan-i-Khas in time to see the Prince of Wales arrive. He was carried in a decorated jhampan. We all sat down at once to eat a very handsome luncheon, provided by the Maharajah.

After the feast some wild-looking men with long hair performed athletic tricks, vaulting over two camels, dancing and jumping on a rope, &c. This took place in the courtyard, where were many elephants, camels, jhampans, with their bearers, and many other natives,—a truly Oriental and picturesque sight.

The Prince seemed much amused, and our glass was borrowed for him to watch the games.

An elephant carried Andrew and me, with two other gentlemen, to the foot of the hill, from whence we drove into Jeypore, passing again the many fine ruins we had seen this morning.

We drove through the public gardens at Jeypore. They are new, but handsome, having flowers and an aviary.

People were leaving from seeing our Prince lay the first stone of a building to be called the Albert Hall. The Maharajah of Jeypore and other native grandees were there. A *jet d'eau* was playing a ball up and down.

The weather, night and day, is bright and lovely.

February 7th.—This being the last day of the great Mohamedan Feast (the Moharam) we drove into the city, where we saw a very long procession of tazias. They are frame-works of wood and tinsel, supposed to represent the tomb of Hosen at Karbala in Turkish Arabia. They came in detachments, several together,

accompanied by barbaric music, armed men, and sometimes elephants. The tazias were stopped here and there for people to place gifts on them—flowers, paper lamps that had assisted at the illuminations, and anything they chose. We watched the procession pass. There seemed no end of it. Crowds of natives, dressed in the most brilliant and varied colours, accompanied it into the country outside the town, where the symbolical sepulture of the tazias was to take place.

The Moharam is a celebration of the martyrdom of the sons of Ali, the immediate descendants of the Prophet, who were put to death by rival claimants to the headship of Islam.

Though Jeypore is a Hindoo city, there must be numbers of Moslems here.

The Hindoo women wear petticoats; the Mohamedans rather tight trowsers, with scarves of brilliantly-coloured muslin over their heads and bodies; many bracelets of glass, silver, or

lead, reaching nearly to the elbow, with an armlet above; ear-rings all round the ears, seven, ten, or more; large anklets of silver or lead; toe-rings that jingle as they shuffle along, their feet bare, of course. Sometimes the men wear one silver bracelet and silver rings.

The Palace of the Maharajah is a huge building half a mile long, eight stories high, with cupolas at the corners, and numberless courts, galleries, marble audience-chambers, terraces and gardens. One white marble pavilion is lined with bits of looking-glass of different colours, arranged in patterns. The ladies' quarters are large; we were told they contain four thousand women.

The Palace gardens are lovely. All the fountains were playing to-day, on account of the Moharam—myriads of *jets d'eau* squirting and spitting at each other.

The Maharajah's stables are immense, full of horses, some very handsome. Most of them

were fastened by ropes attached to all four legs, some only by the two hind-legs.

In one part of Jeypore we saw seven huge tigers in cages, some very fierce; they gnashed their teeth and roared when their keepers made a noise at them.

I have omitted to say that this morning we went to the private station of the Residency, and saw the Prince of Wales and his suite leave in his special train. All walked, the station being so near. The Maharajah accompanied our Prince. Soldiers lined the road.

The weather is splendid, one day more brilliant than the other—the nights to match.

February 8th.—We arrived at Bhurtpore at 5.30 this morning, having left Jeypore last night. We found two carriages waiting for us, and a letter from the Resident, Colonel Wright. We were driven to his house, had tea, and went to bed for a couple of hours. While dressing, we saw the Maharajah of

Bhurtpore and Mr. Lyall drive away, having a guard of soldiers.

Colonel and Mrs. Wright received us most kindly; they sent us in their carriage, with a guide, to see the city of Bhurtpore. The Palace is mostly furnished in European style; but the silk and gold curtains from Benares, of kincob-work, are splendid. There is some fine carving on a summer-house in the Fort. A wide moat surrounds the city. We drove through the native bazaars and bought toe-rings. The carving on stone very fine on one of the Hindoo temples. We asked for the idol, and were told he was eating. Our Mohamedan guide said, "That very bad; God does not eat."

After tiffin, Andrew went out shooting. Mrs. Wright took me driving in the forest, where we saw a good many wild boars.

Next day Colonel Wright sent us, in one of the Maharajah's carriages, to Deeg. We changed horses at Khoombher, and walked up

to the old fortified palace there; many courts, numerous rooms for the ladies, a small temple for them, the stone screens in part of the zenana pierced so that the women could look up, but not down.

As we drove on, we saw gum-arabic trees and tamarisks growing by the road-side, the soil being very dry. Black buck and pea-fowl were on the dry grass. We passed men on foot and horseback, with dark-green coats of quilted cotton—often they had matchlocks; women much decorated with ornaments; and carts drawn by bullocks. The country extremely flat.

Arrived at Deeg, we drove to the Palace of Sooruj Mull, which consists of an enormous quadrangle of houses built of coloured stone elaborately carved, all in splendid repair. One of them, the Sooruj Bhuwan, is of white marble inlaid with *pietre dure* in designs of flowers, butterflies, and birds. There are four principal buildings. The cornices of these garden-

palaces are principally double. This style is quite peculiar to Deeg, and for beauty is said to be unsurpassed in India. One of the palaces used to be for the zenana. The gardens are large, and well stocked with fruit and other trees. The plantains are very fine. There is a large reservoir with bathing-ghâts.

In the palace called Ghopal Bhuwum we had luncheon (provided at the Maharajah's expense). He kindly places this building at the disposal of travellers to eat and sleep.

We saw two men flogged outside the garden, tied to a tree, one at a time, and beaten with a long cane. The first howled terribly; the other said nothing.

There are remains of a large fort at Deeg, with a moat running round it.

We returned to Colonel Wright's in time for dinner.

February 10th.—Andrew went out shooting, this morning, and killed a black buck.

After tiffin, Andrew and I, in one of the

carriages belonging to the Maharajah of Bhurtpore, ordered for us by Colonel Wright, set off for Futtehpore Sikri, fourteen miles. We started with a capital pair of mules, which we changed half-way for horses. Arrived at our destination, we put up in a room of the old palace, now used as a dâk bungalow.

Soon after, we started, with a guide of much intelligence (a descendant of the great Sheikh Suleem Chishtee), to see as much as possible before dark. We began with the fine Mosque built by Ukbur. The great gateway is a striking object, so enormous that it even diminishes the size of the Mosque. The wings of the latter are of red stone. The centre is paved with white marble; the walls painted in colours. The glory of the court is the white marble mausoleum of the Saint Sheikh Suleem Chishtee. It has a beautiful deep drip-stone all round, supported by brackets exquisitely carved. The screens round the inner chamber are of the very finest work, pierced in white

marble, like lace. The building outside looks like a temple of carved ivory. The tomb of the saint is inside, and over it a thing like a four-post bedstead, inlaid with mother-of-pearl work. Behind the Mosque we were shown a small tomb said to contain the remains of the Saint's child, who gave up his life at a minute's notice in order that King Ukbur might have a son! So runs the legend,

We went over the Mosque and Palace by moonlight, when the white marble tomb of Suleem looked wonderfully beautiful.

We were up early next morning. Escorted by our guide, we examined all the remains of Ukbur's once splendid Palace: saw the separate houses of his Christian, Hindoo, and Turkish wives. On the walls of the Christian wife's house were frescoes, one supposed to have represented the Annunciation—all much destroyed. The carvings on the inside walls of the Turkish wife's house are very fine, one panel representing a forest scene in the Hima-

layas, with pheasants, tigers, &c. The outside pillars have trees and flowers carved on them. The house of the Hindoo wife, who was Empress *par excellence*, has the ceilings of two rooms covered with bright blue enamel.

Beerbul's house is a two-storied building of red sandstone, covered inside with the most minute carving in stone on the walls and ceilings. Beerbul was one of Ukbur's grandees.

The Khas Muhul is a large courtyard; most of the buildings open into it. One of them is surmounted by a small simple room, which was Ukbur's sleeping-apartment. On the pavement of the Khas Muhul is a puchese-board marked for that game.

In the Aukle Michaulee, Ukbur played at "hide and seek" with his ladies.

The carved pillars in the Dewan-i-Khas are very magnificent.

Some distance from the Palace stands a tower studded with imitations of elephants'

tusks. Here Ukbur placed himself and shot gazelles.

We saw the Native Boys' School. Several young natives rushed out with their books, and began reading Hindustani to me.

The great stables that Ukbur had for his elephants, horses, and camels are well worth seeing.

The position of Futtehpore Sikri on a high hill is very imposing. The huge gate of the Mosque is to be seen far away. Ukbur left the city, as the water-supply was so bad.

We drove back to Bhurtpore as we went; had luncheon with Colonel and Mrs. Wright, and proceeded by train to Agra, where Mr. O'Callaghan met us and took us to stay at his house. Mr. Rutherford lives with him, and we found Mr. Wheeler staying with them.

The women at Bhurtpore wear numerous ornaments of silver—supposing they can afford it, otherwise of lead—ear-rings, bracelets up

as high as their elbows, armlets above, necklaces, toe-rings, and anklets that jingle as they shuffle along.

CHAPTER VIII.

AGRA. — NYNEE TAL. — LUCKNOW. — CAWNPORE. — BENARES. — JOURNEY TO DARJEELING. — TEA GARDEN.—VALLEY OF THE TEESTAH.—RETURN TO CALCUTTA.

We enjoyed our visit to Mr. O'Callaghan much. Andrew went out into the country and shot black buck. I visited the old city of Agra; also the Taj, again by moonlight.

We attended divine service in the English Church. The choir and organ were good. The Bishop's chaplain preached admirably.

One day Mr. Rutherford, Mr. Wheeler, and Andrew went by train beyond Bhurtpore. They returned at night with four black buck,

shot by Andrew. Mr. Rutherford, who is a capital shot, gave up his chances to his friends most kindly.

Mr. O'Callaghan drove me in his buggy about the Cantonment. An excellent military band was playing.

February 15*th.*—We left our kind friends, and once more set off on our travels by the 10.30 A.M. train from Agra. It was past midnight when we reached Moradabad. An hour later, we started in a dâk gharee for Kaladoongee. We made our bed in the carriage, lay down full length, and slept as much as we could; but we were often disturbed by changing horses, and crossing two bridges. Oxen dragged us over one of them.

Strange to say, it rained when we left Moradabad, but it did not last long. The first rain we have had in India, with the exception of three drops in Delhi, which I rushed out with joy to see.

Having driven till 9.30 A.M., we found our-

selves at Kaladoongee. After baths and breakfast at the dâk bungalow, we proceeded up the mountains to Nynee Tal. Andrew and Fackeera rode ponies. As there was no side-saddle I was carried in a Dandi—a thing like a hammock on a long pole. I sat in the middle of it, so progressed sideways. Six coolies carried me—two at a time; they changed constantly, without stopping. Our bedding and luggage were carried by coolies.

The scenery was lovely—fine trees, creepers with large round leaves hanging in festoons on them; some orchids on the trees, but not in bloom; tree-ferns here and there, with many pretty flowers. The view over the plain was grand as we ascended. We turned and twisted along a narrow path which was in parts very steep, and were glad to walk ourselves sometimes. We stopped a short time for shelter in a fine gorge, as a storm of hail and rain came on.

We reached Nynee Tal about 5 P.M., left our property at the dâk bungalow, and sallied

forth to see the place; passed by the house where the Prince of Wales had luncheon here, and on to the "snow seat," from whence we saw the snowy range. The ascent to it is very steep. We had a fine view of many ranges of mountains, but only a glimpse of the snowy ones. With clouds above and below them, they looked most mysterious.

Returning, we saw the Lieutenant-Governor's bungalow and two hotels, one of them being very large. There are numerous bungalows dotted about the hills that surround the lake. A club-house, and two small Hindoo temples with hideous idols, we saw near the water. The weeping willows with their fresh green leaves, also fruit-trees with pink and white blossoms, were lovely. There is a good carriage-drive round the pretty lake.

I was truly enchanted to see the grand rhododendrons on the high hills—perfect forest trees, having thick trunks, and such splendid deep-red blossoms!

The butterflies are very beautiful—some of great size.

We walked through the bazaar of the small town, but there was nothing to buy.

Next morning we were up early, and rode ponies to the top of a great mountain Cheenie, by a long winding ascent, very steep in parts, but the most glorious view from the summit that I have ever seen of the kind. Close to us many grand scarlet rhododendrons in full bloom; then an immense foreground of green and desert hills, bounded by a long range of most magnificent snow mountains, as clear as possible, cut out sharply against the sky, Nanda Devi, twenty-five thousand seven hundred and forty-nine feet high, forming the centre. Though they were eighty or one hundred miles from us, they appeared quite near, but so high in the air—perfectly stupendous!

Frosty this morning, the path slippery in parts.

There were wild monkeys, with white whiskers, jumping about the trees near Nynee Tal.

We left again this afternoon, and reached Moradabad, by special dâk from Kaladoongee, about 5 o'clock next morning.

February 18th.—After rest and washing, we started by train, 7.20 A.M., for Lucknow, where we arrived at midnight, and drove to Hill's Hotel. The train took its time terribly. The country was mostly flat and dreary.

We remained at Lucknow till the 22nd. We spent some time at the Residency—in ruins from the fighting at the time of the Mutiny. It is well kept, and each spot of interest is marked by a board having the name on it; as, "Dr. Fayrer's house," in the underground rooms of which the ladies lived; the "Room where Sir Henry Lawrence was struck by a shell," &c.

The gardens were gay with roses, masses of bourganvillas, and other flowers.

We saw many public buildings at Lucknow.

The Chuttar Manzil, so called from the gilt umbrella that crowns the summit. The Lall Baradari was once the Westminster Hall of Oude, and a handsome hall is still used for durbars.

The gardens in Wingfield Park are well laid out, and there are lovely roses of many kinds. The Marechale Niels were wonderful, so large, and such a fine yellow! At Sikandar Bagh two thousand rebels were killed.

There are some fine bridges over the river. People were busy washing; banging the clothes about in their usual unmerciful way.

The interior of the tomb of the first King of Oude is decorated with many glass chandeliers and some curious paintings. We saw the tombs of the father and mother of this same king.

The Kaiser Bagh is an enormous palace, with gardens.

Lucknow is quite a city of palaces, grand to look at as an *ensemble*, but not one to compare

with those at Delhi or Agra. The numbers of trees are a great decoration to Lucknow.

The great Imámbára is an enormous hall, built throughout of masonry without the aid of woodwork. It is now used for military stores, but belonged originally to the Mahomedans, who used it for their great fête the Moharam. There is a fine mosque near, which now serves as an English church, a French one, a theatre, and something else.

The Hosenabad (lesser Imámbára) remains truly Oriental, and is still used for keeping the Moharam tazias. Some of these are very handsome. In the main hall with the tazias are many glass chandeliers and mirrors.

The Jama Musjid is a grand building, with the loftiest minarets in Lucknow. A large bees-nest hung over the entrance. Our native servant advised us not to go in, as he said the *flies* would *bite!*

Dil Kusha, where General Havelock died, is now a ruin.

The Martinière is a large college built something in the style of a French château.

The Kaiser Pasand is a combination of minarets, Hindoo umbrellas, arches, and pediments.

We drove in the Cantonment, where are many good houses and gardens.

In the amusing native city we bought jewellery, scent, and Lucknow figures made of terra-cotta, representing the different servants; they are cleverly modelled.

On Sunday we went twice to Church. The service was admirably performed,—good singing, a fine organ, and Dr. Spencer a splendid preacher.

The dust at Lucknow is terrible.

February 22nd.—We went by train to Cawnpore, where we saw the Memorial Church, and read a good many of the tablets, placed on the walls inside, to those who perished in the Mutiny.

We next drove to the Gardens. A white

marble angel stands over the well where the terrible massacre of women and children took place. On the pedestal is the following inscription—" Sacred to the memory of the great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this spot were cruelly massacred by the followers of the Rebel, Nana Dhoondoo Punth, of Bithoor, and cast, the dying with the dead, into the well below, on the 15th day of July 1857." No native is allowed within the marble enclosure of the Memorial Well.

We returned to Lucknow for dinner, and left again, at 9.45 P.M., for Benares. The day was hot, and the night cold.

We reached Benares on the 23rd of February, soon after mid-day, and put up at the United Service Hotel again.

This afternoon we drove to the city, and were rowed up and down the river, sitting on the top of a great boat. The Hindoo festival called Suratri was being celebrated in honour

BURNING-GHÂT AND RIVER GANGES, BENARES.

By permission of F. Frith & Co., Reigate.

of Mahadeo. Numbers of men and women were bathing in the Ganges, one woman pulling a little girl into the river; people making offerings to the Ganges, throwing in flowers, rice, &c. Many Padres sitting on stages by the river, to receive offerings to the idols and Ganges. We saw a woman kiss a priest's foot. Numbers of idols and temples. Altogether a very busy and curious scene. On the platforms with the priests were many little flames of holy fire burning. All down the river-side were quantities of huge unbrellas stuck up like tents.

At the burning-ghât we saw four stages; first, a body, folded in a shroud, lying in the Ganges previously to being packed in wood for burning. Another body was laid in a kind of cradle, and the relatives were piling up the wood round and over it. A man had just been enclosed, and his widow was walking round the pile, till desired by the attending priest to set fire to it, which she did with a torch; then

went away, leaving it blazing. The fourth body was just finished, still smouldering. Two men took it out of the ashes with long sticks, at the ends of which must have been hooks, and pitched the remaining trunk and head into the river. They then threw water on the embers, broke an earthen pitcher, and departed. It was their mother they had thus disposed of.

In the open part of the old city we saw the son of the Maharajah drive along in state with outriders. Soon after, we were in a house looking on to the Golden Temple, when we saw him arrive there carried in a palkee. He put off his gold-embroidered slippers, and walked bare-footed into the temple to offer to the idol. The entrance to it and the narrow street were slimy and wet from the water thrown up to the idol over the door-way. The young Rajah soon came out again, and was carried off. There were some swell courtiers with him.

There were crowds of men and women going

in and out of the Golden Temple, taking offerings of water, fruits, rice, and flowers. We saw some of the men belonging to the temple bringing out two great trays of fruit and things that had been presented. Doubtless there was not room enough, as the temple is not large. This offering is called doing poojah to the idol.

The Well of Fate was full of flowers to-day.

In a niche in one of the narrow streets we saw a Fakeer with his face painted. He had long black hair, and looked very wild. He kept his hand in one position, as a penance.

There were deformities of cows, and one of a calf, being exhibited in the street—one cow with six legs, another with a hoof hanging from the top of its back. Money was given to the owners of these treasures.

The streets in the native city of Benares are mere passages, far too narrow for carriages. The houses are high. We walked about, bought some lovely gold and silver embroidery

on black velvet, also a quantity of brass trays, cups, and surahies. They are beautifully worked here.

Benares is a most interesting city in every way, but very dirty.

On Thursday, February 24th, we left Benares before 2 and arrived at Dinapore about 9. P.M., drove to Colonel Stewart's charming bungalow, in the Cantonment, and remained there till the evening of March 1st, when we left our kind friends and started for Darjeeling. We changed trains at Mokameh at midnight, and arrived at Sahibgunge next morning about 7. There we went on board a small steamer, which took us up the Ganges on the way to Caragola. The river was too low for the steamer to go all the way, so we were turned out into a small boat. There were no seats, we sat on some matting laid down on the boat; an awning arched over us. It was extremely hot. We proceeded some distance in this way, propelled by natives; then had to get out and

walk across the sand to another boat, our luggage being carried. Finally we reached Caragola. The boat often ran aground; then the half-naked men jumped into the shallow river, and started her again.

We saw many huge alligators lying on the sand-banks when we were in the steamer. As soon as they observed us, they slipped into the water.

But to return to the small boat. The dark men pushed and struggled, till at last we reached Caragola Ghât. Shortly before landing, we observed a European man lying drowned in the Ganges, and a number of natives evidently holding an inquest on him.

At Caragola we washed, had some of the delicious hump of beef, bread, and tea, so kindly given us by the Stewarts, and started in a dâk gharee, at 7 P.M., for Silligoree. We paid sixty-four rupees for the journey. The Government dâk would have cost us ninety-five rupees.

We crossed a wide river, on a ferry-boat, in the dark. Natives pushed the carriage on. Andrew and I got out and stood on the boat. As for our servant Fackeera, he slept fast on the roof of the carriage the whole time.

Bullocks drew us for some distance on each side of the river, the road being sandy and heavy. When it was good, ponies were substituted, and away we galloped. It is wonderful what a pace these half-broken little animals can go in their ill-fitting harness. Fortunately they are not troubled with much, only what there is must serve for all the ponies, whatever their size or shape. They are changed every six miles, or ought to be. Once we were obliged to go two stages with the same ponies, as others had not come in. We were driving all night. The carriage was so small that Andrew could not lie down; but I did, well.

Next morning, at 7 o'clock, we stopped at Kissengunge, where we washed and breakfasted

at the dâk bungalow. The Stewarts' provisions again most useful.

A very hot day. We had a roasting drive along the flat terai.

Quite a new kind of people. The women wear a short piece of linen cloth, with coloured stripes, fastened tight round them; their necks, arms, heads, and legs bare. They decorate themselves with quantities of silver ornaments, or metal ones if they can afford nothing better, ear-rings, necklaces, armlets, bangles, anklets, and toe-rings. The men of the working class are almost naked. A fête was going on in a village that we passed near, evidently a marriage, magnificent bunches of bananas being carried (as we supposed) to be presented to the bridegroom, who was on horseback. The favourite tum-tums composed the musical part.

We found ourselves at Silligoree about 5 P.M. Settled about ponies. Mr. Edgar, the Deputy Commissioner at Darjeeling, had most kindly sent a policeman to help us.

I put on my riding costume. We had tea, with eggs, and set off on our ride to Punkabaree. Andrew and I had ponies; also there were three others for Fackeera and the luggage—the policeman accompanied the latter.

We rode through the river, which was wide though happily not deep, then some miles through a thickly wooded jungle, hoping we should not meet a tiger. The moon shone splendidly, and lighted up ranges of mountains as we ascended after leaving the jungle. A most beautiful and romantic ride.

We arrived at Punkabaree dâk bungalow about midnight. A poor place; nothing to be had to eat or drink. Fortunately we had our bedding.

Next morning we were up before 6 o'clock; not much to be had.

We mounted our ponies, and rode up a very steep ascent by a winding path to Kurseong, about three hours. The scenery most beautiful: ranges of hills on all sides; numerous tea

plantations; fine trees by our path, with creepers hanging about them in festoons; a great variety of ferns, from tiny ones to those with fronds fifteen feet long; the tree ferns splendid. Below us, far down, were the terai and the winding river.

Shortly before reaching Kurseong we saw in the great distance the truly magnificent snowy top of Kinchin Junga. This was great luck. Before mid-day clouds rose and hid it from our sight.

Kurseong is a fair kind of village with a bazaar and a good hotel, where people stay sometimes to cool before going up into the real cold at Darjeeling. The view from the dâk bungalow is grand. Here we had luncheon, changed all the ponies for fresh ones, and left our policeman. The superintendent came to us. He was very civil and helpful.

We had a ride of eighteen miles through most magnificent scenery to Darjeeling, the road winding along the sides of the mountains

through grand primeval forests, the fine old trees beautified by a creeper with fern-like leaves; here and there deep gorges and ravines full of wonderful ferns of many kinds, the tree ferns very large; sometimes orchids hung from the trees. The views of the ranges of hills were enchanting. There were houses and villages dotted about, and numerous tea-plantations. In many parts the forests were being cleared away in order to plant more tea, so the beauty of the scenery will soon be much injured. Where the forests remain untouched, they are wonderfully wild and grand.

We rode through many villages. The native huts are very small, mostly built of bamboo, with no windows or chimnies; still each had a fire inside. Different types of people—some Chinese, others from the mountains and Thibet. With round faces, flatter noses, fatter legs and bodies, they look jolly and comfortable; much more so than the natives in the plains.

Constantly up-hill, so we rode slowly. We passed endless bullock-carts.

At Goar bungalow (a picturesque village) we left the high road and proceeded by a path cut along the side of hills, having a deep ravine below and other hills opposite, to Jelapahar, the soldiers' sanitarium, from whence we had a fine view of Darjeeling and the surrounding hills; but not the snows, too hazy for them.

The wind was bitterly cold the two last miles. I was half-frozen, so jumped off my pony and walked. The change from the broiling plains is a frantic one.

At 6 o'clock this evening we put up at Mrs. Houghton's boarding-house in Darjeeling. The night was extremely cold.

First Sunday in Lent.—We went twice to church. Our landlady, Mrs. Houghton, led the choir. She has a fine contralto voice. The singing was nice, the preacher good. Mr. Edgar called on us when we were out.

We walked down to the bazaar, and were

much interested with the curious-looking people from Thibet, China, &c. There were also Bhootias and Septias, the inhabitants of villages near. They wear warm clothes, cloth shoes, and hats. The women are decorated with handsome ornaments, silver belts finely worked and studded with turquoises, long silver ear-rings set with the same, strings of coral and turquoises round the throat, with a large silver amulet worked in filigree and studded with turquoises. The amulet contains a prayer or charm. I bought one; a peacock's feather was inside. Those birds are sacred. Some of the Bhootia women wear rolls of black round their heads, ornamented with large beads of turquoise and coral; also many finger-rings having the same stones, which are evidently the favourites with them. The men have long hair—some sport pig-tails—very picturesque caps, and ear-rings. Even the children wear strings of beads. They are a nice, cheery people, enjoy a joke, are fat, and seem strong.

They have large calves to their legs. The Hindoos have none; they are worn flat with sitting on them. Some of the hill women are very handsome; they all have pleasant faces, and are fairer than those in the plains.

Sunday is the great day for the country people to attend the bazaar, held out in the open air. They made such a noise and clatter, we heard them afar off. At one end of the bazaar a missionary was preaching to the people.

A tremendous shower came on and dispersed the crowd; it lasted some time, accompanied by thunder and hail. The first time we have been really wet since we came to India.

No snow mountains to be seen to-day; not even the nearer ones this afternoon.

Darjeeling is a beautiful place, the houses dotted here and there on the sides of hills. The villas have gardens attached. All the ground is up and down; there are ranges of hills and mountains in all directions.

Mrs. Houghton's boarding-house is charmingly situated, with grand views of hills and valleys on two sides, but each different.

Darjeeling is seven thousand two hundred feet above the sea.

We called on Mr. Edgar, and walked with him to Sir Richard Temple's house.

The weather cleared at night, the moon shone brilliantly, and we experienced a frost. Our poor servant shivered with the cold, though he wrapped himself up well in a kind of blanket.

March 6th.—I was up very early, running in and out all the morning in hopes of seeing the snows. At last the sun appeared, and it was past a thought splendid to see it light up the tips of Kinchin Junga and the other giants of the range one by one. They lie in the far distance round two sides of Darjeeling. The foreground of hill and dale is also very grand; such a depth of it, one range above another up to the snows. Kinchin Junga, twenty-

eight thousand one hundred and seventy-six feet high, aspires to heaven, and the others stretch far away on either side. A mist on some of them gave even more grandeur to the points that appeared above it. A few clouds on the great mountain, but they moved about, so we saw it all well. We walked out, and enjoyed the view from the Mall and other points. Had we not been out before breakfast, we should have missed all, as clouds rose and veiled the snows before 10 o'clock.

We wanted to have ridden to the top of Senchall this morning, in hopes of seeing Mount Everest, the highest in the world (twenty-nine thousand and two feet); but unfortunately we were persuaded to wait in hopes of a still clearer day, which never came.

We walked down a long steep hill to Mr. Wilson's large tea plantation; the little shrubs growing in rows, people weeding. We saw the steam-machine for rolling the tea-leaves, and the rooms where they are baked. Four

crops are gathered each year; in fact, it seems that when any young leaves appear (which they do very quickly after rain) they are picked off. The youngest leaves make the best tea.

Leaving this plantation, we had a long and very steep walk up a fine gorge (where there must be a waterfall during the rains) to the bazaar. We passed the temple, where a bell rings for some time each day at 6 P.M. We were told the goddess was dining!

Birchfield Park has very large trees. A fine white rhododendron was in bloom.

We dined with Mr. Edgar, and met a party, amongst them Mr. Clark, who is a celebrated botanist. I went in a chair carried by four Bhootia men.

As we returned, by moonlight, we fell in with a large party of native mummers. I suggested they should follow us to Mrs. Houghton's, which they did, and performed for us. Two serious-looking men of Chinese type were

evidently the managers; they held lanterns to show off the actors. The music (?) consisted of tum-tums and cymbals, making a fearful noise. Two little boys placed themselves in attitudes and danced in a graceful way. Then someone appeared as a large bird, and went through antics. Two others were covered with skins to personate a lion, having a huge head with a great red mouth full of teeth. This pranced about, roared, and rolled over. A sedan chair full of mummers finished the pantomime.

Bright, lovely day, and very cold night; frosty.

March 7th.—Up extremely early again, and I was rewarded by seeing Kinchin Junga's summit with the three points perfectly clear. The lower part of the mountain was enveloped in mist, so that the top looked like a wonderful white picture high up in the heavens.

Soon after 7 A.M. we started, on two capital ponies, for the Teestah river, two others had

been sent forward. Two syces (native grooms) walked after us. We passed through the Bhootia bustee (village). There were groups of prayer-flags hoisted on tall bamboo canes here and there. When the wind blows the prayers are wafted to heaven. The following is a usual sentence written endless times on these flags and on the paper inside the praying-wheels, "Hom mani padmi hoong!" in English, "Hail to the Lotus and Jewel!" It is supposed that Buddha sprang from the lotus.

The hill-sides are much covered with tea-plantations. We ascended ten miles. Sometimes the path was so steep that we got off and walked. We passed many groups of Bhootias sitting here and there out-of-doors, breakfasting, cooking on small fires, eating grain, and other simple things. They seemed pleased to be spoken to. They wore very handsome ornaments, especially the women. Some of their amulets were lovely. Both men and women carry great loads on their backs, in

long baskets, up and down these tremendous mountains; many had two sticks to help them. Some of the women wear pretty green caps. The vegetation was beautiful, consisting of various ferns, bamboos, grey pampas grass, and flowering trees, some covered with brilliant scarlet blossoms.

At the bottom of the ten miles' descent we arrived at the Runjeet river; there we found fresh ponies and syces waiting for us. We sat down for a time near the two bridges, made of bamboo canes, that span the river, and had tiffin, such as it was; the sandwiches were too tough. So we made the best of a few hard-boiled eggs, some oranges, cold tea, and brandy.

Having mounted the ponies that were sent on last night, we had an enchanting ride along a narrow path skirting the river. The truly tropical vegetation beautiful; magnificent bamboos often forming natural arches across the path. Many different ferns, some of great

length; the tree-ferns being splendid. Also fine trees, tall and straight, some of them composed of several stems that nearly joined. They looked like weird spectres. They were quite different to banyans. Everything was growing in the wildest profusion, and looked extremely fresh and green; the small grey ageratum in bloom.

After riding a good many miles by the Runjeet we reached the junction of that river with the Teestah, a most beautiful spot. The background was on each side filled up with high mountains one above another. The Teestah is a fine river, much broader than the Runjeet; the high banks on each side are wooded.

Sikhim is on the opposite side of the river.

We rode some distance along the banks of the Teestah, through the same abundant tropical vegetation, to a point from whence we saw another picturesque bamboo bridge.

There were many large butterflies flitting about, and orchids hanging from the trees.

It was extremely hot by the river-side.

We returned by the same route; a terrible pull for the poor ponies up the long steep hill. Andrew walked sometimes to save his.

A good way up the mountain we found the ponies of this morning waiting for us, so we changed, and they took us up to Darjeeling. The fresh air, as we ascended, was delightful. I do not wonder that the natives here object to go down to the plains.

There was no protection to the path to-day; it would have been easy to fall over the precipice. Andrew and his pony were very nearly over at one place; they were quite at the extreme edge, something having caused the little beast to turn suddenly.

We were thirteen hours *en route*, with the exception of one that was divided between tiffin, seeing the junction of the rivers, and the view of the bridge.

March 8th.—We rode, this morning, with Mrs. Cockerell and Miss Clarke, to Rungeroon

on the side of the hill opposite to Darjeeling, by Jelapahar, through Goar bungalow village; then turned to the left through the most magnificent primeval forest—it had never been touched in the memory of man. The trees were very splendid and wild-looking, with creepers twining about and hanging in festoons from them. Here and there were fine ravines, some white flowering trees in one, supposed to be magnolias. We met some men carrying bunches of enormous white rhododendrons, and also scarlet ones; they must have found them higher up the mountains. Our road lay along the side of one.

Mr. Edgar who had followed us, conducted us to two unfinished bungalows, and gave us a capital tiffin in one. He is getting up a horticultural garden here. Such a lovely orchid we saw in full bloom on a stump. In the forest there are quantities of laurels that grow wild, they have smallish bright green leaves.

After riding back to Darjeeling, we went

on into the village to see Mr. Edgar's Bhootia school. Some of the boys wrote English from dictation, and at least one translated it into his own language.

Lovely day, but hazy. No snow mountains to be seen to-day.

Mr. Edgar sent me this evening a basket of lovely and sweet-scented orchids in bloom, with their roots.

February 9th.—We were up early, and went to the Bhootia Bustee, Andrew walking, I riding.

We visited the Buddhist Temple, where we saw the great praying-wheel being turned round by an old woman. Prayers are written on a long roll placed inside a cylinder: at each evolution millions of them are supposed to ascend to heaven. There were six other smaller wheels working in front of the Temple. We went inside the building: it was very simple, a room with three large wooden idols at one end, having an altar before them on

which were saucers for burning oil, sticks of incense, and many narrow strips of parchment. When I pointed to the latter (on which was writing) and spoke to the Llama (priest), he and another sat down and chanted from them, in nasal voices, taking up one strip after another. The wooden idols were more in the form of mortals that those used by Hindoos. Numerous idols were painted on the walls, some of them goblins with three eyes. Outside the Temple were many prayer-flags on bamboo-canes.

The village lies on the side of a steep mountain. The houses are mostly built of bamboos and dried grass; they seem to consist of one room each. Outside one we saw many men sitting, praying aloud, sometimes putting both hands forward as in supplication, or turning a hand on one side, having before each a cup of water and rice which they offered to the idol. These were renewed from time to time by an attendant. Some of the men were

turning small praying-wheels in their right hands.

Returning up the hill, we met women working these machines as they walked along. They are on the same principle as the large one we saw. Each turn goes for so many prayers said.

We breakfasted, and left beautiful Darjeeling about 11 A.M. on two of Mr. White's capital ponies; they ambled most of the way down to Kurseong. Fackeera, with our luggage, preceded us very early, having three ponies. At Kurseong we got two fresh ponies and a guide, and rode partly by the bullock-cart road or short cuts to Paunchkeela, where we arrived about 7 P.M., and were glad of supper (such as it was), seeing we did not stop to eat *en route.*

The scenery most splendid—finer even than from Punkabarry to Kurseong: grand ranges of mountains, luxuriant vegetation, bamboos, flowering trees, and great variety of ferns.

The path descended here rapidly in parts. The dâk bungalow at Paunchkeela dirty and miserable.

Fackeera did not arrive with the luggage till some hours after us.

We did not admire the two natives at the dâk. It was a poor little wayside place.

I am so distressed for the poor bullocks in India; they have hard existences. Some are large and look well cared for, but the greater number are cruelly treated and badly fed. They seem to do their best, and look very patient. But the cruel drivers have no mercy; they sit on the ill-made carts close to the poor bullocks' tails, and give them no rest; they are constantly pinching their backs, kicking, and beating them, pulling and twisting their tails, so that generally they are knotted all down and full of curves, often pulled off quite short, or cut off. They are driven by a cord through the nostrils, which must cause much pain. They are miserably yoked, and draw by a

thick piece of wood placed across the hump; this galls them, or rubs the flesh into lumps.

We have constantly seen droves of animals turned out to feed upon something that looked like *sand*, being very short dry grass, so parched that it was surprising the poor beasts could eat it.

I am told that villagers do not usually feed their chickens or cows; they must pick up what they can. No wonder that a breakfast-cupful of milk is considered a good quantity for a cow to give.

The young kids are robbed like the calves. At Punkabarry I saw a tiny kid longing to suck: the poor mother kicked at it whenever it tried to do so. And why? Something was put near the kid's mouth to hurt the goat.

The Hindoos are most barbarous. Their religion forbids them to kill animals, but they torture, drive, and starve them, to the last extremity.

March 10*th.*—Some rain fell early. When

it ceased we mounted our ponies and rode to Silligoree through the Terai. Much of the wood on fire: sad to see the poor trees burning alive.

We left Silligoree about 1 P.M., and were driven in a very small carriage, belonging to Hadgii Abdoola, the rest of the day and all night, changing ponies every six miles. Fortunately the moon shone as we crossed the ferry at Dingra Ghât.

The natives were celebrating the Feast of the Holy to-day; much tum-tum was going on. At night there were bonfires in the villages.

The women wear many ornaments, but not much dress. One old woman amused us. She had only a short striped cloth fastened tight round her, from the waist to the knees, the head (with shaggy grey hair), the neck, arms, and legs bare, but decorated with a necklace, many bangles, and anklets; also rings hanging all round the ears.

We regretted extremely to leave the beautiful

mountains for the hot plains. The weather very fine.

Next morning, about 10 o'clock, we found ourselves again at Caragola Ghât. For some distance before arriving there we were delighted with the magnificent trees we passed on each side of the road—such round, widely spreading ones—banyans and others that were unknown to us.

Having washed and breakfasted, we left Caragola Ghât soon after 11 o'clock in a small boat for the steamer, walking across the strip of sand as before (the sand was quite hot). A dead body was floating down the Ganges.

We embarked on board the steamer, and were landed at Sahibgunge, having seen only one alligator.

We were obliged to wait at the Sahibgunge railway station till past midnight for a train. There were a good many dirty children in the ladies' waiting-room, and a tipsy Irishman in that supposed to belong to gentlemen; so at

last I lay down on the platform, on our bedding rolled up as it was, and went to sleep like a native—they always lie about on the platforms.

A very hot day; lightning at night.

March 12th.—We arrived at Calcutta at 10.30 A.M., and went to Spence's Hotel, where we found a comfortable room ready for us.

CHAPTER IX.

CALCUTTA.—BUDDHIST RELIGION.—MADRAS.—NEILGHERRIES. — TRICHINOPOLY. — MADURA. — GREAT PAGODAS.—TUTICORIN.

We remained at Calcutta two nights. The Maidan was looking green and beautiful, the Eden Gardens gay with flowers; numbers of pale European children were playing about, attended by ayahs; but the weather was fearfully hot, quite melting. Even the poor people were walking holding umbrellas over their heads. We saw a cabman with one, and a horse with a kind of topee on his head to save it from the sun.

It was a great joy to me to attend Divine

Service again in the Cathedral; also to hear the admirable choir, and fine organ so well played.

One morning we visited the new market. It is a fine building and well arranged; the beautiful fruits, vegetables, fish, meats, &c., are all separate, also the different kinds of meat are kept apart.

March 14*th*.—We left Calcutta in the "Tibre" Messageries Maritimes Steamer, soon after 10 A.M., for Madras. The banks of the river Hooghly were looking green and much decorated with palm trees.

We anchored some distance down the river, as there was not sufficient water to take us over the bar. There we spent the night, and were nearly devoured by mosquitoes, the heat being great; and, adding to our discomfort, large blackbeetles ran about the washing-stand. Truly an uncomfortable night!

There were also numbers of tiny ants racing about our cabin.

Next morning we steamed out to sea, and the mosquitoes vanished, but the heat continued to be melting.

A gentleman on board had been much in Japan. He held that there is great *rapport* between the Christian and Buddhist religions; that he contrived to be at a great Buddhist service in China, and he could have fancied himself in one of our High Churches or a Roman one. A grand choral service, with trumpets; a choir and real singing; priests in grand vestments; incense; a high altar, and side ones; the priests kneeling, but the people appearing to take no part in the service. They believe in One Great God. Buddha, their prophet, was born out of a lotus; hence the praise written on the flags and praying-wheels: "Hail to the Lotus and the Jewel!" Buddha never dies; his spirit passes into an infant, who is the next Buddha. He seems to be a kind of Pope. As soon as a representative of Buddha dies, the great Llamas take out a certain set

of things belonging to him, and wander about till they find a young infant who owns them, and who makes signs that the spirit of Buddha has passed into him. The gentleman saw one of these infants in Sikhim; it was treated quite as a holy being. He showed me a wafer stamped with the image of the baby Buddha that he saw. He also talked about the Hindoos. These worship One Great God, but approach Him through lesser deities. Their idols represent the different attributes or incarnations of the One God. He was of opinion that Hindoos make very bad Christians, that unbelief increases, and they become nothing.

But to return to our voyage. We suffered from a roasting head-wind. The heat was extreme.

The evening of March 18th we anchored off Madras. Such a length of lights on shore! Some large light boats with scantily dressed men came off to the steamer. We slept on board.

The following morning natives came to sell feathers, birds, skins, fans, and other things. Some conjurors performed clever tricks.

We disembarked in one of the large Madras surf-boats, and landed on the pier, but saw other boats arriving on the surf, of which there was not much to-day. These boats are stitched together, not nailed. The catamarans are curious little boats, consisting of a log of wood with a hole scooped out for a man to sit in and paddle himself along.

We left Fackeera at the railway station in charge of our goods, and went to service at an English church. The congregation consisted mostly of black people and half-castes. It was so odd to see the women in European dresses, their black skins looking through the white muslin.

We drove into the native quarter called the Black Town. There we saw several of Juggernaut's Cars in temporary sheds; each had six great wooden wheels. The cars were very

high, and much decorated with small images cut in wood and painted all kinds of bright colours, one series above the other, to the top, which supported a large platform on which the idol is placed when taken out on the great Feast-day. These cars are then drawn by numbers of natives. They look extremely heavy.

We saw many temples, but were not allowed to enter them.

Much embroidery is done here on frames by men. I went into a small native house after a beetles-wing dress. I bought a very handsome one. It was curious to see the half-naked black men showing it off. Many dresses were richly embroidered in silk. One old man, wearing spectacles, squatted on the ground.

Madras is a long, straggling town. The houses of the rich natives are large; they compose a street. The European quarter is two or three miles distant from the native town. Government House is large and hand-

some. The compound extensive; we saw gazelles strolling about in it. The People's Park has a menagerie of wild beasts.

The heat extreme.

We left at night by train for Mettapollium, where we arrived next morning before 10 o'clock. After spending some hours there, we drove to Kullar, through a most magnificent jungle of cocoa-nut palms, aloes in bloom and in fruit, bamboos, &c. By the roadside, here and there, were natives selling fruit—mostly young cocoa-nuts. We found them tender, and the milk delicious.

At Kullar, saddle-horses were waiting for us; so we mounted and rode nine miles up-hill to Conoor, by a magnificent pass in the Neilgherries. It took us nearly five hours to arrive. The path was in parts very steep; the large horses not fit for mountain work. The scenery was splendid all the way. The path wound about up the gorge, crossing fine ravines by wooden bridges. Here and there

was a cascade. There were grand mountains opposite the one we were toiling up. The coffee plantations were a mass of white bloom. The leaves of the plant are bright, like a Portugal laurel. Villages were perched in a most picturesque way on the rocks. There were beautiful trees and creepers that we have not seen before. The flowering trees were wonderful, especially the temple-tree with its very fragrant white blossoms, and a most brilliant scarlet-flowered tree. Water flowed at the bottom of the gorge, ever and anon falling in a cascade. We passed numberless bullocks and donkeys, carrying great loads up the mountain. Late in the evening the former were lying in parties feeding with their loads off. But the poor donkeys seemed to have nothing given to them; they were merely turned loose to pick up what they could, and on that mountain path there was little or nothing. One was trying to eat a piece of bark. They were such poor, thin little beasts.

As we ascended, the air became cooler, though quite warm enough.

It was dark before we reached Coonoor. One of the Syces walked first, and my horse followed in his steps, the others coming after us. It was not over-pleasant, riding a large tired horse, without much command over his hind legs, along that steep unprotected path in the dark. Of course this was only towards the end of the pilgrimage.

We were glad to find ourselves settled at Coonoor in a most comfortable hotel, kept by a Scotchman — everything very clean and good.

The next morning we were out walking early, enjoying the fresh, still, balmy air, and the lovely scenery. There were mountain peaks all round, up to Mount Dolabet, which is the highest point of the Neilgherries. Comfortable-looking houses dotted about in the glen. The lights from them last night were cheering, and so were the fire-flies.

"Glen View" was the name of our hotel. It had a large garden, scented with orange-blossoms and heliotropes, of which latter plant there was a great hedge in full bloom. It was enchanting to look over the flowery garden to the fine mountain-tops, and down into the glen, and to listen to the sound of a torrent below.

We walked up to the English church. The graveyard was gay with roses in full bloom, a hedge of pink ones, and many standards loaded with pale-yellow China roses. There were numbers of feathery pines, or cypresses, and much variety of foliage among the trees.

Ootacamund is higher than Coonoor, but we hear it is less beautiful. It lies on high table-land, and has not so many trees. The view from the graveyard was exquisite, looking over the roses to the mountains, the shapes of which are picturesque and pointed.

With regret we left Coonoor about 9 A.M., and drove to Mettapollium by the new ghât,

changing ponies twice *en route.* The scenery was splendid all the way, even more so than by the bridle-path. The road turned about so much that we saw the hills in many aspects. The great gorge has a good waterfall, and there are many deep ravines there. We crossed by wooden bridges. The hill-sides were clothed with trees and shrubs, having foliage of all shades of green, some of a reddish tinge — many covered with blossoms. There were also tea and coffee plantations.

The native town of Coonoor is nearly at the head of the glen. There were numbers of people in the bazaar as we drove past. The air at Coonoor is most delightful—so fresh, without being cold.

We passed many villages and houses on our way down. One of our ponies was very wild and unbroken. He reared when we tried to start, and broke both the old traces. Luckily some more were handy, and the other little beast was quiet; but we ran many risks of

being upset round the sharp turns, owing to the wild pony.

We arrived safely at Mettapollium, enchanted with our excursion to the Neilgherries. Left by train at 2 P.M., arrived at Erode soon after 6 P.M.; found no hotel there, and no train to take us to Trinchinopoly; so we slept in a room arranged for travellers over the railway station, and dined in the refreshment-room.

The natives use covered bullock-carts here to drive in.

The scenery was pretty to-day, of hills; but we felt the heat much, returning to the plains.

Next morning we left Erode at 6 o'clock, and reached Trichinopoly four hours and a half later. On the way we saw ranges of mountains, palms, cactuses, and aloes, mud hovels, and very black natives, the men wearing hardly anything; the women having scarves hung about them in a very graceful way. These latter sport many ornaments,

especially ear-rings, several round the top of each ear, and a very heavy one in the lobe. The lobes are stretched and enlarged till they hang down nearly to the neck. A hole is made in the lobe of each ear when a girl is quite young; this is gradually enlarged till the desired elongation is accomplished.

On our arrival at Trichinopoly we drove to the dâk bungalow—a wretched place. However, there was nothing better, and the consamer did his best for us. Bullock-bandies are used here; but there are a few gharries, of which we had one, and drove through much of the native town; got out, and walked up a narrow passage to a jeweller's. We entered a mud hovel; a cow was in a portion of it, near where we sat. The old jeweller, with scanty white hair and spectacles, wore nothing above the hips, and, of course, had naked legs and feet. He looked like a large monkey. He brought a small bundle from an inner chamber, and displayed handsome gold ear-

rings and bracelets. Andrew bought a bracelet of large indented berries covered with filigree silver.

We returned to our gharry, and went on to the great pagoda Shrirangam, across the river Kavari, passing through a grove of cocoa-nut palms.

This pagoda stands on an island formed by two arms of the river; it is dedicated to Vishnu, and is one of the largest in India, though unfinished in parts. It includes numbers of courts, halls, enclosures, and gate-towers. There are seven courts, and the sixth contains the great hall, which is decorated with elaborate carving, having some boldly-cut horses, and images of deities, on the columns. The gate-towers are crowded with carvings, which represent legends of the idols. The great hall has some thousand granite columns carved. In one hall a bazaar is held.

We ascended a roof of the pagoda, from whence we looked down on the whole of the im-

mense building. In the centre is the "Vivama" (Holy of Holies), containing the idol; this has a gilt dome. We were not allowed to enter the court containing this, or any other one where a worshipped idol was.

We next visited the pagoda of Jambukeshwar, which is older and smaller than the other, but more finished. It is probably of the twelfth century. The outer court possesses eight hundred columns which are so arranged that one can look down an avenue of them from whatever point they are taken. On the right is a tank with a two-storied cloister round it. The gate-towers are wonderfully carved. This is considered an excellent specimen of a Tamil temple.

We drove back by the celebrated Rock of Trichinopoly, which rises suddenly from the plain, between five hundred and six hundred feet. We ascended by a wide staircase cut in the rock, and arched over, passing palace, temples, and columns, on one side or the other,

as we proceeded. At last we found ourselves outside on the living granite, from whence we had a good view of the large town and pagoda, and sat down enjoying this and the glorious sunset. We were amused by seeing numbers of monkeys scramble down the rock into the temple below for the night. There is another temple on the summit of the rock, to which pilgrimages are made.

We find it hard work, sight-seeing in this roasting heat. One night in the dâk bungalow at Trichinopoly was quite as much as could be endured. We were glad to leave next morning at 11 o'clock for Madura, but before starting we bought a good deal of the very handsome jewellery made here. Some natives came to us to sell—our old jeweller of yesterday being one, but looking much smarter when dressed in white.

We suffered much from the dry roasting heat to-day, though the railway carriages have double roofs. The pace was very composed.

The scenery was interesting—lovely hills on both sides at one time, the Putnai range being very picturesque. In the plain we had groves of cocoa-nut palms, with villages of huts built of bamboo-canes or of mud; also paddy-fields where rice is grown. We saw oxen treading the rice out of the straw. Some trees were like umbrella pines; they gave much shade. Outside several temples we saw many horses carved in stone, of different sizes, standing in rows. These are evidently peculiar to the south of India. Travelling here is much worse than in the north—such bad accommodation at the dâk bungalows. There are hardly any Europeans about, excepting those on the railway business.

We made the acquaintance of Mr. Anderson to-day, an important engineer on the South Indian line. He most kindly asked us to dine with him at Madura in the evening, saying we should find nothing good at the dâk bungalow there. Naturally we declined. However, he

was determined to take no denial, for he sent his dinner to the dâk bungalow, and there we three partook of it.

We slept with all the doors and windows open to the road, on account of the excessive heat. Fackeera lay on the ground near one door in the verandah. However, he is a sound sleeper. Luckily we were not disturbed.

This dâk bungalow is situated in a grove of palms, and is but an indifferent abode.

March 24th.—There are only bullock-hackeries to be hired here. They are covered carts. Some are smart, have springs, and are drawn by a pair of good trotting bullocks. I should have enjoyed a drive in one of these. However, Mr. Anderson would have a carriage for us. To make sure, he sent to two natives; so, very early this morning, two handsome close carriages, each with a pair of fine horses, came for us. Mr. Anderson arrived about 7 A.M., and we started with him in one of the carriages to the great pagoda of Minak-

shi (one of the names of Parvati or Vishnu, the wife of Shiva).

This splendid building is complete, both inside and out. It covers twenty acres of ground. It has nine gate-towers, or gopurams; four of them are very large, the others smaller. They are all richly carved. The immense aisles are faintly illuminated by small lamps. In the first a bazaar is held. Our servant Fackeera was not allowed to go far beyond this; he being a low-caste man, a crowd of the temple people soon sent him out.

The secretary of the temple and a native engineer under Mr. Anderson, took us about and explained; both were very intelligent men. Mr. Anderson also went with us; if it had not been for him we could not have seen all we did.

From the first court we passed into another large one, and so on to others. In one is the tank of the Golden Lotus. The walls are painted in coloured frescoes, representing

legends of the gods, Rajahs, and great people belonging to the Hindoo religion. Very curious they are. A number of wooden doorways, exquisitely carved, eleven hundred or twelve hundred years old, lay in a court. They were taken down at the time of the Mahomedan raid on this Hindoo pagoda, 1560. Now it is being repaired throughout, doorways will be put in to correspond, so we were told we might purchase some of the beautiful old carving, which we did with delight. A ton and a half of it followed us to England. This pagoda was built in 600 or 700.

Two very holy places we were not allowed to enter—the Vivama, containing the great deity Shiva; the other, Parvati his wife. At the entrance to the Vivama were statues of Shiva's two sons, one on each side.

We met an elephant carrying water to bathe the goddess. The temple is so immense, that elephants can walk about, and several are kept for the service of Parvati. She is washed and

dressed differently six times daily. When the worship of her was over, we were allowed to look at her from a distance, and with the lorgnette we could distinguish a large figure lighted up. Shiva we were not to see in any way, though there were plenty of representations of him in stone-carving about. I asked how it was we could see them and not the one in the sanctuary. The answer was *that* was *self-created*, the others the works of men.

The temple is rich in modern stone-carving; fine statues of idols in various incarnations; beautifully carved pillars, of endless designs. There was a stone ball inside several small columns, cut out of the middle of them; it was movable up and down, but could not be got out of the nest of columns. In another part were two links of a chain hanging cut out of the same piece of stone; this was attached to an animal that was well carved. On one column is very finely carved work, and over it are more small columns standing away

from it in a circle. This is all cut out of one piece of stone. It is wonderful how the tools could be got in to carve the inner part so exquisitely. We saw the black marble bull; also numbers of silver idols, and silver horses for them to ride on during processions. A rich collection.

We were so far favoured as to see the splendid jewels belonging to the temple. They were spread out in grand array for us, with many priests to show them off. Neck-chains of southern wood were given us to wear. There were magnificent narrow, high head-dresses, breast-plates, necklaces, lockets, ear-rings, bracelets, &c., made of gold with pearls, diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and huge sapphires. The stones of all kinds are uncut, but many are very fine. Some stirrup-holders are a mass of pearls; another pair being covered with coral. Some of the jewellery represents birds and butterflies studded with gems. The whole is estimated to be worth

twenty thousand pounds. It is used for the decoration of the idols.

There is a great hall of one thousand columns here in the same style as that near Trichinopoly, but the carving here is much superior. Before each idol there are many lights burning.

We ascended to the top of the highest go-puram and through a small hole on to the top outside, from whence we had a good view of the great pagoda with its courts and gateways, also of the country.

We next visited the famous Choultry built by Trimal Naik, to provide an apartment for the god Shiva, who consented to leave his shrine for ten days each year and visit the King, in case a suitable place were erected for his accommodation. The numerous stone pillars which support the roof are elaborately carved with great taste. On one pillar Trimal Naik is represented with his six wives, one of the latter having a gash below the hip

on the left side. The legend is, that she was the daughter of the Rajah of Tanjore, and when her husband showed her the splendid new Choultry, expecting her to be full of admiration, she coolly observed that her father's stables were superior. Trimal Naik was so enraged that he stuck his dagger into the proud lady's thigh.

The Choultry is close to the pagoda, so it was very handy for Shiva.

Madura is a large clean town, with good bazaars.

We returned to the dâk bungalow till the great heat of the day was over. Then the carriage came and took us to Trimal Naik's magnificent old palace, which is now being partly restored for public offices. From the top of this building the view of the town and country with the palms and mountains is very pretty.

We drove on to Trimal Naik's tank. It is, perhaps, the finest in India—a large square

piece of water surrounded by granite steps and a wall; in the centre is an island with a temple and many trees on it.

There are numerous good-looking bungalows, with gardens, outside Madura. The palm-groves are large.

We returned by the pagoda and went in. It was partially illuminated; there were rows of small lamps round the doorway, then more dotted here and there for a long distance, ending with the sanctuary. The effect was grand and mysterious in the darkness.

Mr. Anderson dined with us in the evening.

March 25th.—We were up about 4 o'clock this morning, and left Madura by train at 6.15 A.M. We had a fearfully hot journey to Tuticorin; it was too roasting. The carriage was small, and badly planned for such heat, having no second roof. I could feel the sun hot on my head through the roof and my topee.

The natives are very black indeed, many of

them nearly naked. The country is flat and sandy, covered with rice and cotton fields.

We were glad to arrive at Tuticorin, and shelter ourselves in a so-called hotel near the sea, kept by a native, where we were refreshed by a breeze.

There are many Romanists at Tuticorin. I went into one of their churches this evening. The floor was sand, on which many natives were kneeling or sitting. A priest sat on a chair; an old native knelt by him confessing.

Very hot night.

Next morning we left soon after 7 A.M., and were rowed some seven miles to the British India steamer, the boatmen singing a monotonous kind of chaunt. We were the only first-class passengers, and were extremely comfortable.

CHAPTER X.

CEYLON. — COLOMBO. — PEOPLE. — VEGETATION. — KANDY. — PEREDENIA. — NEWERA ELIYA. — LOVELY SCENERY.—POINT DE GALLE.—VOYAGE TO MARSEILLES.—RETURN HOME.

March 27th. — We arrived at Colombo this morning early, and were amused with some boats. They were extremely narrow, about half a foot wide, with an outrigger to steady them. We drove to the Park, some miles from Colombo, through an avenue and grove of cocoa-nut palms, with houses and villas on either side, decorated with flowering trees. The lettuce-trees have the most brilliant green

foliage. All this verdure we found very refreshing after desert India. There were also native bazaars and houses.

The Cingalese, dressed in various gay colours, looked most picturesque, walking along the road amongst the palms. The Buddhist priests had bright yellow garments hung on their black frames. Some women wore scarlet of a beautiful dye. It was amusing to see the men, naked to the loins, walking with Chinese umbrellas over their heads. They wear long hair rolled up into a bunch behind; a long arched comb across the front keeps the hair off the face. They are very effeminate-looking.

The Park is the residence of Andrew's younger brother; it is a large bungalow in a wood of palms, with a very long room in the centre that answers for eating and sitting in; a deep verandah in front, from whence one can see the ocean at the end of the palm avenue. There are a suite of rooms on each

side this middle one; they open one into another, without doors. One side was handed over to us.

This afternoon I was taken out in a pony carriage to the Fort, and along the sea-drive, which is delightful.

Colombo has good buildings.

We find the climate very hot; not grilling like that of India, but a moister atmosphere—a perpetual Turkish bath.

We remained four days at the Park, during which time we saw much of Colombo. The cinnamon-gardens cover a great extent of ground. These shrubs have a leaf like a bright Portugal laurel. There are drives in all directions in the gardens.

We went through the European part of Colombo on to the native quarter, and visited the fruit-market, where we saw mangoes, cocoa-nuts, pines, and many curious fruits and vegetables. Our brother is most kind in collecting different fruits for us to eat. The

mangoes are delicious. As for the pines, we generally have one each.

The lake is very lovely; the vegetation so luxurious.

We can only drive out in the early morning and evening, on account of the heat, which is most trying. Bullock-carriages are much liked here by the natives. It is wonderful to see how fast the little beasts trot, quite at the rate of ten miles an hour.

One morning we visited a coffee manufactory. We saw the coffee spread out to dry in the sun. In other places the outside shells were being taken off. The coffee was sorted, and the faulty bits taken out. Some of the processes were done by machinery.

In the evening we heard a military band on the green near the sea. There were a good many Europeans in carriages. The constellation of the Southern Cross we see here to great advantage early in the night. A cocoanut mill interested us much; it was wonderful

to see the oil squeezed by machinery out of what looked so dry—I mean the pieces of the kernel. The outside bark is made into mats and rope. We watched some of the bark passed through a machine; it came out a bunch of thick threads. Every scrap of the cocoa-nut is utilized.

The bamboo is also of immense value for building houses, boats, and many things.

We called on Sir Charles and Lady Layard. The former showed us his collection of live snakes.

March 31st.—We set off very early, drove nearly five miles to the station, and left Colombo at 7 o'clock for Kandy by railway. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the scenery. The train took us up a fine mountain pass, called Kadaganawa. We wound up the hill, and ran along the side of a ridge, past "Sensation Rock," where the granite forms a tremendous wall on one side, while the deep valley lies far down on the other. The view was splendid, of the fine luxuriant

country below, rich with tropical vegetation—cocoa-nut palms, flowering trees, rice-fields, &c., backed by mountains with curiously-shaped tops and peaks; one, like a great book, is called the "Bible Rock."

Before mid-day we arrived at Kandy, and established ourselves soon afterwards at the hotel, had luncheon, and then walked to the photographer's. We saw splendid views of Kuarajpaoora, and another ancient city nearly a hundred miles from Kandy, in the north of the island. These ruins must be well worth visiting, but they are difficult of access. We engaged a carriage and drove round the lovely lake, ascending, *en route*, a hill from whence we had a charming view of Kandy, with its celebrated Buddhist temple, and many villas and bungalows dotted about; an island in the lake, where some king kept his wives; now only one gateway of the Palace remains. There are sloping hills all round the lake, decorated with nice bungalows, here and there, and

numerous coffee plantations, with their pretty white blossoms. The variety of trees we saw was wonderful—banyans, areca-nut, and cocoanut trees, Palmyra palms, bamboos, jack-fruit trees, mangoes, plaintains, potato trees (bearing lovely grey flowers), jaggery, rattan, cacao-nut, Talipot palm (of the large leaves of which the Buddhist priests make their umbrellas), travellers' tree (a most graceful kind of palm), bread tree, &c.; also aloes, and flowers.

Having returned to Kandy, we left our carriage and walked through the Governor's beautiful grounds and gardens, past his handsome house, on to "Lady Horton's walk," up one of the hills overhanging the lake. The views of Kandy and the surrounding hills enchanting. We saw all kinds of trees and shrubs, and gathered some blossoms of the temple tree. They are white, with a yellow centre, and delightfully sweet. King-fishers, lovely little humming birds, and magnificent butterflies enlivened the air.

Lantana grows wild in great abundance in Ceylon, and makes the country gay with its bright scarlet, pink, or orange blossoms. The leaves have a nice herby scent.

The Court-house, formerly the Durbar-hall, has finely carved wooden columns.

But the curiosity of Kandy is the celebrated temple that contains the supposed tooth of Buddha—the real one was carried off long since. The temple was open this evening for worship, and we went in. At the entrance was rude music made by drums and pipes; boys about selling flowers for offerings. In the octagonal building are rolls of the sacred books. In another part we saw the large image of Buddha in the form of a man, and several other smaller ones of him, one being of crystal or amber in a case. We were allowed to go into the outer part of the principal temple, where were many worshippers offering sweet-scented flowers. From thence we went into the sanctuary containing Buddha's tooth.

It is only shown on very great occasions, and is buried in several cases. We saw the outside one, which is like a good-sized urn, and is made of gold, studded with precious stones—emeralds, rubies, &c. Before this object of adoration was a very large round tray covered with floral offerings, which one of the priests was arranging.

Between the sanctuary and the outer chamber was a narrow slip, in which were worshippers on their knees, bowing their heads to the ground and praying most devoutly.

We had some showers to-day, with thunder and lightning.

We left Kandy on the 1st of April by the 7 A.M. train, and got out at Peredenia, walking about a mile to the Botanical Gardens there. On the way we saw numbers of chameleons on trees, and also on the banks. Some were very large ; they varied much in colour — such curious-looking animals.

We entered the Botanical Gardens by a

grand avenue of fine india-rubber trees. The grounds are extensive. We had a charming walk by the river shaded with great trees, the air being scented by their flowers.

We called on Mr. Thwaites, who has the management; he was most kind in walking about with us, and showed us the beautiful fernery, so admirably planned with turning walks and rocks, having an endless variety of ferns shaded by trees. We saw the vanilla creeper, quinine, and mahogany trees, showers of purple bourganvillias growing over trees. Luckily the leeches were not about, the grass being too dry. Saw a millionpede, which is a large black insect with no end of legs; and a centipede, pronounced by Mr. Thwaites to be venemous.

It was curious to find immense dracenas flourishing out of doors: also the *Eurcharis Ammazonica*, and different varieties of caladiums; the green-leafed one grows wild in Ceylon.

We were amused at the crowds of "flying foxes"—an immense kind of bat; they were whirling to and fro in the air like rooks, and were some four feet from one wing-tip to the other.

Mr. Thwaites took us into his house, gave us delicious tea, and showed us a collection of splendid butterflies, some of them very large. He kindly sent us in his carriage to the station. We drove over a large bridge built of satin-wood on the road there.

We left Peredenia station before mid-day, and went by train to Gampola. The scenery was very lovely on account of the hills and the luxuriant tropical vegetation; the lantana most abundant, and in fine bloom everywhere. A lady brought a small piece of this plant, and now the island is over-run with it.

At Gampola we left the train for a carriage that was called a coach, and proceeded several hours up-hill to Ramboddy, through fine mountainous scenery and coffee-plantations. The

horses were often changed. We had luncheon *en route.* The hotels in Ceylon are dear and bad. A storm overtook us, and the rain poured in through the cover of the carriage. Fortunately we were able to change our wet garments at Ramboddy, and from thence took a private carriage to Newera Eliya. We had three horses for twelve miles to the top of the pass, the ascent being very steep. The road is narrow and badly engineered, with no end of sharp turns, and, as a rule, nothing to protect one from falling over the frantic precipice into the depths below. The most troublesome things were the bullock-carts that we met, with their long covers; it was not always easy to pass them.

The views as we ascended were lovely over the island—hill and dale, with many fine mountains. Before we reached Reginald's house at Newera Eliya it was dark.

Next day we went to church; also had a charming walk through a jungle and some way

down a ravine; then over a hill and by more jungle down to the lake, returning by the race-course.

We passed an old burial-ground, and saw in it the monument to an officer who had been struck by lightning on a mountain pass. Strange to say, his monument has been struck by lightning, and the top slab split in two.

There are some fine hills round Newera Eliya, including "Pedro," the highest in Ceylon; but it is not a pretty place, being rather desolate-looking after the luxuriant Kandy.

Rhododendrons grow wild. The garden at Reginald's house was gay with flowers, hedges of geranium in full bloom, petunias, verbenas, and Japanese honeysuckle, delightfully sweet.

The air is much cooler here, though the sun is hot.

We saw a very small snake.

Monday, April 3rd.—We set off soon after 6 o'clock this morning, and drove to Ramboddy, fourteen miles.

We were able to enjoy the fine scenery to-day, both near and distant. Ramboddy is a very pretty place, and possesses some waterfalls.

We proceeded from thence to Gampola in the coach, and then on by train to Colombo. I was delighted with the hedges of splendid white daturas, in full bloom, by the roadside. Ceylon is truly a most beautiful island.

We found the heat very trying in Colombo to-night.

Tuesday, April 4th.—We took leave of our relative and of our faithful Indian servant (who we send back to Bombay), and started at 6.30 A.M. in the coach for Galle—a truly beautiful drive through groves of cocoa-nut palms, interspersed with bread-fruit trees, jack trees, &c. The foliage of the bread tree is very handsome. Sometimes we were close to the sea. Again, an opening inland showed mountains. We passed several Buddhist temples, and numbers of native hovels and

bazaars, and crossed several rivers by bridges. It was lovely looking up the banks fringed by palms.

We reached Galle about 4 o'clock, and put up at the Oriental Hotel, in some airy rooms on the second floor, where we got a breeze with all the doors and windows open.

We were disappointed that the French mail steamer had not arrived. We waited several days for her.

The heat terrible at Galle—the sun fearfully scorching.

There is one street of fine houses, evidently belonging to the well-to-do inhabitants.

A nice walk we had on the ramparts by the sea. One day we saw cocoa-nut barrels standing in the sun to clarify the oil inside them; also blacklead being sifted and arranged.

There are a good many people staying in the hotel waiting for steamers. The natives bring goods to sell—tortoiseshell combs and ornaments, and various things.

One afternoon we had a delightful drive through groves of cocoa-nut palms, bread-fruit trees, and king cocoa-nuts, &c., to Wak-walla on a hill, from whence we had three beautiful views. On the right, groves of palms small hills, houses, and verdure, with distant mountains; on the left, the same kind of scenery, with the river winding in a most eccentric manner; and in front, a fine fore-ground with distant mountains. The Haycock is a large pointed one. Unluckily it was too hazy to see Adam's Peak, though it had been visible early this morning.

We passed a lovely spot on the way — a small river spanned by a rustic bridge, the banks luxuriant with tree-ferns and other species, also palms, and tropical vegetation; the air scented with the highly-perfumed blossoms on trees.

As we returned, we visited a Buddhist temple. There were curious paintings on the walls, representing histories of Kings and

others. In an inner part was a gigantic reclining figure of Buddha; in an outer room, an idol, resembling a Hindoo one, with several pairs of arms. We were shown the priests' house. Some of them were there in their yellow costumes. They had nice rooms.

We drove into the native part of Galle, and saw the bazaar and the fruit market.

The Cingalese are most disagreeable people; they are pushing, great cheats, idle, and have no manners. Also, they are fearfully odoriferous.

The damp, boiling heat is very trying at Galle.

We were most thankful to leave by the French Mail, the "Tigre," on Saturday, the 8th of April.

Ceylon looked very beautiful as we steamed away, with the fine range of mountains, including the Haycock.

The "Tigre" is a very large steamer.

We had a great number of passengers—English, French, Italians, Germans, Dutch, Spanish, and one Russian. Chinese servants worked the punkahs and cleaned. There were African Negro firemen, some ayahs, a party of strolling actors, lots of monkeys, birds, different kinds of parrots, Java sparrows, nightingales ; last, though not least, Spanish priests, a French frère, and Italian sorelle religiose, on their way from their missions in China. The heat was great in the Indian Ocean, but the moonlit nights were delightful. The Queen of Night rose out of the sea bright red. Jupiter and Sirius were most brilliant. The Southern Cross is a most striking constellation.

In the evening we generally had music on deck. I sang; a Danish gentleman played admirably. Also there were other performers.

On Sundays and Good Friday we English had divine service.

We arrived off Aden late in the evening of

the 16th. The volcanic rocks there are high, and of curious shapes. It was extremely hot, and we slept on deck.

Next morning, numbers of black boys came round the steamer, diving in the sea for money which the passengers threw in, or bobbing about like floats. Some of them were in tiny boats, scooped out of a piece of wood, which they propelled by a paddle worked first one side then the other. It was wonderful to see a boy dive straight down out of this frail boat and skip into it again so quickly. Some of these little imps had their hair curly all over, like mops dyed red. This looked most peculiar with their black skins. It was rather a light brown colour than red. Some plaster fell off the head of one of them, which left a brown tinge on the water.

On the 17th we passed the straits of Babel Mandel. The sea has been splendidly calm.

April 19th.—We had a cool wind at night. The water in the bath has been quite warm;

now it is less so. On the 20th there was quite a touch of Europe in the breeze. Next day the steamer began to dance a little. We passed the two flat rocks called the "Brothers," they are only forty feet above the water. We are losing the Southern Cross.

April 22nd.—Arrived off Suez, and after remaining an hour and a half we proceeded into the canal. The weather quite chilly at night. The monkeys shivered, and I made them red flannel jackets, which they seemed to like. The punkahs taken down; the *garçons* changed their white jackets and trousers for black. The Chinese servants abandoned their loose white trousers and hanging jackets or rather shirts, and appeared in dark blue cloth or serge. All were prepared for Europe and cooler weather. However, it was hot enough in the Canal to-day.

The Chinese servants wear very long pig-tails. These are let down when they are in the saloon, but twisted up at the time they

are working. They have the fore-part of their heads shaved.

April 24th.—We landed at Port Said, and walked about for a couple of hours while the steamer was coaling. The public gardens there were gay with flowers.

May 1st.—We found ourselves at Marseilles. The latter part of our voyage we had a rolling sea and cold weather. However, we were altogether highly favoured.

We returned to England greatly delighted with our journey to India, and recommend the "Trip" to any who wish to escape a cold winter, and to enjoy a thorough change.

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